Primeval, by Lance Parkin

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released Nov 2001

[Part One]

(Banging on door.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Let me in! You have to help me. Please!
SHAYLA: All right, all right.
DOCTOR [OC]: Hurry!
(Door opens.)
SHAYLA: What's so urgent? Oh. Sabian!
DOCTOR: This is Nyssa, my companion. She collapsed. Her temperature has fallen dramatically and it's still falling. I didn't know where else I could go.
SHAYLA: That's all right, you're here now. Help me get her inside. Sabian!
SABIAN: I'm here. Do you need help carrying her, sir?
DOCTOR: It's all right, I can manage. Do you know what's wrong?
SHAYLA: Not yet, no. Put her down there.
DOCTOR: Here?
SABIAN: I brought your bag.
SHAYLA: Good, good. This is my assistant, Sabian.
SABIAN: And you are?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. Yes, I appreciate the irony. I'll answer all your questions, but Nyssa
SHAYLA: Has this happened before?
DOCTOR: Twice. Several weeks ago now. I induced deep sleep for forty eight hours and I thought I'd cured her, but
SHAYLA: You induced deep sleep? How?
DOCTOR: With a delta-wave augmenter. How else? Look, this may be important. She seemed fine after that, but recently she's shown evidence of psychic sensitivity that has left her weak.
SABIAN: She's been off-world?
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.
SHAYLA: I see.
DOCTOR: She's going to be all right?
SABIAN: She's in a critical condition.
SHAYLA: The next hour will be crucial. You should wait outside.

(Birds singing. Door opens, footsteps.)
DOCTOR: How is she?
SHAYLA: She's stabilised. She is still seriously ill. You brought her here just in time. We weren't properly introduced. I'm Shayla, although I think you already know that.
DOCTOR: I know you by reputation. I'm sorry to have imposed myself on you. Is Nyssa awake? Can I talk to her?
SHAYLA: No, not yet. While we wait for her to recover, perhaps you could answer a few questions.
DOCTOR: Ah. I am the Doctor, a traveller.
SHAYLA: But you're not Nyssa's father.
DOCTOR: Her father died. I pledged to look after her what seems like a lifetime ago now.
SHAYLA: I see.
DOCTOR: We travel together. Well, you know what they say. It broadens the mind.
SHAYLA: You have exposed her to danger, to evil.
DOCTOR: Despite my good intentions.
SHAYLA: Well, you know what they say about good intentions.
DOCTOR: Now look here. If Nyssa could, she'd tell you that she travels with me through choice.
SHAYLA: You've been awake all night, haven't you? You haven't eaten. Perhaps we could discuss this over breakfast?

DOCTOR: First I want to see Nyssa.
SHAYLA: As you wish.

(Regular noise like a large clock ticking.)
NYSSA: Father?
(Noise stops.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa, Nyssa, it's me. It's the Doctor. You collapsed again. I brought you here in the Tardis.
NYSSA: I don't remember that. Where are we?
DOCTOR: Where do you think we are?
NYSSA: That bird. It's a crested Avar. I think it's Traken. We're on Traken.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right. Here, look. I brought your old clothes from the Tardis. They'll help you blend in.
NYSSA: But Traken was destroyed.
DOCTOR: Yes, but it hasn't been yet. Not for about three thousand years. It's probably best not to mention that to anyone, all the same.
NYSSA: Three thousand years?
DOCTOR: About that. I'm getting better at steering the Tardis, don't you think?
NYSSA: But
DOCTOR: It's time travel, Nyssa. If Tegan could cope with seeing her planet's past and future, I'm sure someone with your scientific training can.
NYSSA: Why did you bring me here?
DOCTOR: Where else could I find an expert on Trakenite biology? Shayla's one of the best.
NYSSA: What have you told her?
DOCTOR: That we're travellers. I kept it as vague as I can. You should do the same.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah. This is Shayla's assistant. Er, Sabian, wasn't it?
(Door closes.)
SABIAN: That's right.
NYSSA: Sabian, you saved my life. Thank you.
SABIAN: Shayla saved your life, Lady Nyssa. Doctor, I think Nyssa needs to rest. And Shayla asked you to join her. She's obliged to report your presence to the Consulate.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. Are you going to be all right?
NYSSA: I think so.
SABIAN: I could stay with you, if you want company?
NYSSA: Yes. Yes, I'd like that.
DOCTOR: Splendid. I'll pop in later to see how you're getting on.
(Footsteps, door opens.)

JANNEUS: Consul Hyrca. (pronounced Her-sha.)
HYRCA: Consul Janneus, it is barely dawn. Why have you summoned me here?
JANNEUS: There was an arrival. Physician Shayla reports that a man brought a young woman to her during the night for medical treatment.
HYRCA: From outside the Union?
JANNEUS: There is some confusion. The woman is a daughter of Traken. It is unclear who the man is. One of us must commune with the Source, and the other must stand watch.
HYRCA: *I* shall stand watch.
JANNEUS: Agreed.
(Footsteps.)
JANNEUS: I am ready. O Source that shines on all Traken, grant me, Janneus, loyal Consul of all the worlds of the Union, the illumination of thy perfect light.

(Door slides open.)
SHAYLA: Foster, I have an appointment with the Consuls.
ETRAYK: You must wait to enter, Lady Shayla. The Consuls are in communion with the Source.
SHAYLA: We understand, Etrayk.
DOCTOR: Will they be long?
ETRAYK: The Source will take as long as it needs to, sir.

DOCTOR: Perhaps we should get back to Nyssa in the meantime. If her condition's as serious as you say, then every minute treating her could be critical.
SHAYLA: Sabian will keep her condition stable. We will wait here.

HYRCA: Janneus?
JANNEUS: I have seen much. There is danger, and a pattern that not even the Source can fully define. One that stretches across Space and Time.
HYRCA: What course of action does the Source advise?
JANNEUS: It was reluctant to say.
HYRCA: Reluctant?
JANNEUS: That's the best word for it. Consul Hyrca, I am convinced the Source is withholding information from us.
HYRCA: But that's
JANNEUS: Yes, Consul, I know it's impossible. (sighs) We must meet these off-worlders and use our own judgement. Has Shayla brought them here?
HYRCA: The man is outside. I shall summon him.
(Door slides open.)
ETRAYK: Through here, please.
DOCTOR: Good morning, Consuls of Traken.
(Door slides closed.)
SHAYLA: Consuls, this is the Doctor. These are Consuls Janneus and Hyrca.
JANNEUS: Good morning.
HYRCA: Hello, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Two Consuls. I'll have to be on my best behaviour.
HYRCA: There are times when you are not?
DOCTOR: It's a figure of speech. I really must stop using them. You'll have to forgive me, I always find it difficult to relax somewhere so tranquil. In my experience, every paradise has its serpent somewhere.
HYRCA: Is your conscience really so troubled?
JANNEUS: Shayla, what is the condition of the Doctor's travelling companion?
DOCTOR: I've just been in to see Nyssa. She's a lot better, and
SHAYLA: She's critically ill.
JANNEUS: Will she survive?
SHAYLA: The darkness is upon her. I can't be sure that the light of the Source has reached her in time.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, what exactly do you think is wrong with her?
SHAYLA: Exposure to evil, even the smallest amount, can corrode the soul. And that is what has happened to Nyssa.
DOCTOR: You make it sound like radiation, like a cancer.
SHAYLA: That is precisely the effect it has. The Source protects us, protects all in the Union, from evil's influence. But away from the light of the Source, the malign take hold. You're laughing, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It doesn't work like that.
SHAYLA: You don't think there is evil in this universe?
DOCTOR: Oh, I've travelled quite widely and met the most terrible people with the most appalling beliefs. I consider them evil, but I'm sure if you were to ask them, they'd tell you that I'm the monster, not them. Evil is relative.
SHAYLA: And this is what all outsiders think, is it?
DOCTOR: No, simply my opinion. I ought to warn you that I don't hold a Doctorate in Theology. At least, I don't think so. I may have picked up an honorary one somewhere or other. I lose track.
JANNEUS: Your philosophy is flawed.
DOCTOR: It is?
HYRCA: After all, Traken exists in the state of perfection.
DOCTOR: Ah.
JANNEUS: You don't think that Traken is perfect?
DOCTOR: The Union of Traken is one of the most beautiful and peaceful places I have ever visited. But perfection is something we should strive for, not something we can ever attain.
JANNEUS: And what faults do you find here, sir?
DOCTOR: Well, Traken has the death penalty, doesn't it? In extreme cases, you execute

criminals.
HYRCA: To prevent the spread of evil. To protect all we hold dear. To maintain perfection.
DOCTOR: And your leaders are picked from within the elite, by members of the elite.
HYRCA: I understand that upon some planets you become the ruler by killing your opponents.
JANNEUS: Here the Source guides us. The Source is perpetual, infallible.
HYRCA: We bathe in its light, while the lesser races must skulk in the shadows.
DOCTOR: I was forgetting another figure of speech
HYRCA: Yes?
DOCTOR: Never discuss religion or politics at the dining table.
JANNEUS: No wonder you are jealous of us, Doctor. We have the incorruptible light of the Source. Other races have false gods, or worse, they have no gods at all. The whole universe envies us.

ANONA: (a young woman) Our course is steady, sir. All ship's systems fully operational and at maximum capacity.
NARTHEX: As they have been every day for two and a half millennia.
ANONA: Vigilance is our sacred duty, Captain.
NARTHEX: You're new, aren't you, Anona?
ANONA: That's right, sir. I was recruited on
NARTHEX: I know who you are. I do check the backgrounds of my crew.
ANONA: Sir, I meant no disrespect.
(Signal.)
NARTHEX: Ah.
ANONA: Kwundaar summons you, sir.
NARTHEX: Yes.
ANONA: It must be a supreme honour to stand face to face with the greatest leader.
NARTHEX: There was a time when I thought like that.
ANONA: You mean to test my faith, of course, sir.
NARTHEX: Yes. Yes, of course I do. Well, Anona, you may take your reward.
ANONA: Sir?
NARTHEX: I'll allow *you* to go in my place, this once.
ANONA: (delighted) Sir!

(Footsteps.)
ANONA: Hello?
(Door opens.)
ANONA: Is anyone there?
(Distant evil-sounding laugh.)

DOCTOR: Hello again, Nyssa. You're looking better.
NYSSA: Sabian has given me something for the headache. I feel so weak.
DOCTOR: Well, we're all doing our best. Quick, before the others come back, what can you tell me about the history of Traken at this time?
NYSSA: My people didn't study our past. After all, what could it teach us?
DOCTOR: It would come in rather useful now, don't you think?
NYSSA: All I know is that you've brought us to the Primeval times, before the time of the Keepers, when the Source governed itself.
DOCTOR: Have you ever heard of Shayla?
NYSSA: No.
DOCTOR: The book I found in the Tardis library said she was the greatest authority Traken medicine ever knew.
NYSSA: By my time, all illness and disease had been eradicated. We had no need for medicine. Are you worried about her?
DOCTOR: Well, she seems to think you're possessed by evil spirits.
NYSSA: That's nonsense. One thing I do remember, people in the past were more superstitious. There was religion, so Traken wasn't a true paradise.
DOCTOR: All credit to her, you're responding to the treatment she's using. Although whatever it is that's wrong, I doubt it's the devil's work.

ANONA: I can't see.
KWUNDAAR: Follow my voice. Follow.
(The voice sounds like it is coming from underwater, distorted. Door opens, noise.)
ANONA: My lord?
(Door closes. Silence.)
KWUNDAAR: Look at me.
ANONA: I'm sorry, I
KWUNDAAR: Speak to me. I can feel it. The Source, it burns.
ANONA: If we're too close to the Union, we could move the ship away. We could
KWUNDAAR: No, no, no. I want it to burn. I'll not hide from it. You, you're not Captain Narthex.
ANONA: No, sir. I am Lieutenant Anona. I recently graduated
KWUNDAAR: I know you. You have the reputation of being particularly devout.
ANONA: You're in my mind.
KWUNDAAR: Ah, you feel me there?
ANONA: Yes.
KWUNDAAR: Yet you don't resist.
ANONA: It is not my place to.
KWUNDAAR: Good. What were you before you joined my struggle?
ANONA: I worked ah!
KWUNDAAR: No! That was not before. You may remember a time before you were here. That time did not exist. It's a dream, elaboration.
ANONA: You are right, sir. Forgive me.
KWUNDAAR: You would not want to see my face.
ANONA: Sir, I am at your mercy. I will obey you without thought.
KWUNDAAR: (laughs) Yet as you mouth these words you still question me with your thoughts. That's my curse. I know that every follower has them. I know that every mind is devious, and every being that ever lived is a liar, a hypocrite, a cheat. I was betrayed, questioned.
ANONA: Sir, I will obey you. Whatever I might think, I will not speak treason, and wherever you lead, I will follow. I will not betray you.
KWUNDAAR: Yes, that is all I can ask of you. You're a good servant.
ANONA: I believe in you, sir, but I don't understand why you are here, on the edge of the Union of Traken. Any closer to the Source and it will destroy you. You aren't trapped here, so
KWUNDAAR: No, it is they who are trapped. The people of Traken, prisoners in their walled paradise.
ANONA: Yet, yet they are content to stay where they are. And you can never hope to destroy the Source. It's impossible.
KWUNDAAR: I have provided for this moment. Reached through Time and Space, found a vulnerable soul, exploited their weakness, and at my command, my agent will soon bring the walls of paradise down. Return to your duties. Prepare for that moment.
ANONA: Sir.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Sabian, I'm looking for Shayla. Do you have any idea where she is?
(Door closes.)
SABIAN: Er, no, sorry, I don't.
DOCTOR: I see. You might be able to help. Could you tell me about the treatment Shayla's giving Nyssa? Whatever it is, it's helping.
SABIAN: A simple remedy for the fever. Beyond that, we are merely letting the Source do its work.
DOCTOR: The *Source*. Ah, yes. It's where you get all your energy from.
SABIAN: It is more than that. It is a sentient sun. The Source shines down on Traken and its people, while the rest of the universe has to live in the shadows.
DOCTOR: But you know it's a machine?
SABIAN: Of course. We built it, after all. Or our ancestors did.
DOCTOR: You don't worship it.
SABIAN: (laughs) Traken is a world of science, Doctor. We admire the Source for what it is, a perfect piece of engineering.
DOCTOR: But you don't ask the Source to provide for you.

SABIAN: Pray to it to grant wishes? No, Doctor. After all, what could we wish for that we don't already have here in abundance.

SHAYLA: Consuls, you sent for me.
JANNEUS: Shayla, the Doctor does not know you are here?
SHAYLA: I've instructed Sabian to keep him occupied.
HYRCA: You see, the off-worlder's presence alone is enough to make people break their word, to disrupt our way of life. I fear where this is leading.
SHAYLA: You would blame the Doctor for our hypocrisy?
JANNEUS: Show respect, Shayla.
HYRCA: You heard him say it yourself. The Doctor sees himself as a serpent in our paradise. He questions our authority. He questions the Source itself.
JANNEUS: What is your patient's condition?
SHAYLA: Nyssa shows little improvement. She's been exposed to terrible evils. She is suppressing anger, she has known fear. Her mental defences and barriers are almost non-existent.
HYRCA: Can you cure her?
SHAYLA: No. Given time, the Source may be able to.
JANNEUS: Time? How much time?
SHAYLA: Years, certainly. And I'm not sure she has the strength for more than a few days.
JANNEUS: Such evil inflicted on an innocent.
SHAYLA: I've talked to the girl. She's reluctant to give too many details, but she saw her father murdered, she's encountered soulless creatures, machine men and other abominations created to destroy all other forms of life.
HYRCA: The Doctor is completely irresponsible.
JANNEUS: It is deeper than that, Hyrca. His actions border on the abusive. It is a wonder Nyssa has not been murdered these monsters.
SHAYLA: From what I gather, one of the Doctor's travelling companions *was* killed in the course of their travels. Nyssa is convinced that the Doctor is a good man.
HYRCA: Ha! He's clearly conditioned her.
SHAYLA: I think he's a good man, Consul Hyrca.
HYRCA: On what evidence?
JANNEUS: He may very well be a good man compared with other outsiders, but that is not the standard by which we judge people, Shayla.
HYRCA: We should prosecute this Doctor, impound his travel machine.
SHAYLA: That is what the Source has ruled?
JANNEUS: The Source remains silent on this matter. My opinion is we ask the Doctor to leave the Union.
HYRCA: Nevertheless, we agree it is clear that the Doctor is dangerous. We must take every measure to prevent his malevolent influence spreading. If the Doctor leaves, and leaves swiftly, then I agree that may be for the best.
SHAYLA: And Nyssa? Without the Source and the medical resources here, she will die.
JANNEUS: Someone somewhere else will have the knowledge to save her.
SHAYLA: No, Consul, I don't think they will.
HYRCA: Our concern is for the entire Union. If Nyssa must die to preserve what *we* have, then so be it.

NARTHEX: Welcome back, Anona. So, was it the greatest honour of life?
ANONA: I'm sorry?
NARTHEX: Meeting our leader, the living god.
ANONA: He seemed sad.
NARTHEX: Huh. Imagine being able to read minds. It's bad enough me knowing what *I'm* thinking half the time. I can't imagine what it would be like hearing other people's thoughts too. Did you try to see his face?
ANONA: He told me not to look.
NARTHEX: But you aren't trying to picture it? You're not curious?
ANONA: Not about that.
NARTHEX: You want to know why he's skulking here, when he could conquer the galaxy.
ANONA: You can
NARTHEX: Read your mind? (laughs) No, I can't, Lieutenant. We've all thought it. People are

often drawn to what they can't have. Moths to flames, men to other men's wives.
ANONA: He's envious of us?
NARTHEX: He can have everything he wants except the Source, and that is why he wants it. That's my theory, anyway. No one knows what he wants, or where he's from. No one's ever dared ask.
ANONA: He told me that we should prepare. That he would soon control the Source.
NARTHEX: How? The Source senses us. Just a little nearer and it will incinerate us, or turn us into statues. Oh yes, it sounds like a fairy story, but there's a fair few who've tried. If we cross that line, Lieutenant, we'll find out why none of them have ever come back.
ANONA: The Greatest Leader said he had an agent on Traken.
NARTHEX: Then the Source already knows, and the Consuls will be moving in for the kill.

(Birds singing. Footsteps.)
SHAYLA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Ah, Shayla. I was wondering where you were.
SHAYLA: I met with the Consuls.
DOCTOR: And were Nyssa and I on the agenda?
SHAYLA: Yes.
DOCTOR: What was decided?
SHAYLA: I disagreed with them, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah. Bad news.
SHAYLA: The Consuls wish you to leave Traken. They feel you are a bad influence. You have until nightfall to leave, and you must pledge never to return to the Union.
DOCTOR: I see. And Nyssa?
SHAYLA: You must take her with you.
DOCTOR: Without treatment, she will die, and you're the only person who can save her life.
SHAYLA: Yes, I told them.
DOCTOR: So they're condemning an innocent girl to death.
SHAYLA: I disagreed with them, but they were unanimous. Evil must not be allowed to spread her.
DOCTOR: Nyssa is not evil. I am not evil. Shayla, things are not as simple as Traken philosophy seems to allow for. Wait, you said the Consuls are unanimous. I thought they relied on the Source for advice.
SHAYLA: The Source hasn't ruled on this matter.
DOCTOR: Why?
SHAYLA: They don't know. Doctor, the matter is settled.
DOCTOR: It most certainly isn't.
SABIAN: Shayla, come quickly. Nyssa is in relapse.

(Nyssa groaning. Door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
(Nyssa groans.)
SHAYLA: Please, stay out of the way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Of course.
SABIAN: Her temperature has fallen again.
SHAYLA: It's as though she's in shock. Nyssa, can you hear me?
(Nyssa moans.)
SHAYLA: Breathe deep. Relax. Can you flex your legs? Loosen her collar, Sabian.
DOCTOR: Did you hear that?
SABIAN: She's stabilising. Yes, I think she's sleeping normally
SHAYLA: Her condition has regressed. Keep watch, Sabian. Doctor
DOCTOR: If you force me to take her away from here, she'll die.
SHAYLA: The decision has been made. The Source is infallible.
DOCTOR: But the Source didn't make the decision, remember?
SHAYLA: Yes, that might be it. We could lodge an appeal, insist we wait for the Source to speak on the matter. It would delay things for another day, at least.
DOCTOR: We need more than a day.
SHAYLA: Doctor, if we don't find a cure, then I don't think Nyssa will survive that long.
DOCTOR: Don't say that.
SHAYLA: I'm sorry, Doctor, it's true. I thought that I could keep her stable. I can't. I don't even

know the nature of the illness, let alone its cure.
DOCTOR: Then why lodge the appeal?
SHAYLA: There might be another way. Kwundaar.
SABIAN: Consul, no!
DOCTOR: What is that, a drug?
SABIAN: His followers are fanatics! Murderers and degenerates.
DOCTOR: Not a local, then.
SHAYLA: No. He lives in the stars beyond the Union. But his followers worship him and say he's omniscient, that he grants them all that they desire.
DOCTOR: Sounds like a man to have in your corner.
SABIAN: He destroys all those who don't follow him. He stands for everything we on Traken abhor. He might satisfy the base desires of primitives, but
DOCTOR: But he's our only hope, so tell me where to find him and I'll take the Tardis and
SHAYLA: No, that's too obvious. The Consuls want you to leave, but Kwundaar is the greatest threat to our way of life. The Consuls will destroy your Tardis rather than let you have any contact with him.
DOCTOR: They should make up their minds.
SHAYLA: There is a way for you to go to him. Come with me. Sabian, if I'm missed, you are to say I have taken the Doctor to the northern shores for the day.
SABIAN: My lady, please don't do this.

DOCTOR: Traken has a spaceport?
SHAYLA: A small one. We still need to trade a few items with the rest of the universe.
DOCTOR: I didn't think we outsiders met your standards.
SHAYLA: Some are close enough for us to turn a blind eye, but they show their true colours if you show them enough money.
(A ship is landing.)
SHAYLA: Excuse me! Is this pad three? Do you know Captain Kabe? (pronounced Car-bay.)
KABE: I am he, madam. What can I do for you?
DOCTOR: I need passage out of the Union.
SHAYLA: We both do.
DOCTOR: I thought I was going alone?
SHAYLA: We need passage. *I* can pay.
DOCTOR: Ah.
KABE: Smuggle you out of the Union? Huh, that's a new one. It's usually the other way round.
DOCTOR: We have business to attend to outside. We're planning to return.
KABE: Are you now? And can I ask what this business is?
SHAYLA: No, you may not. Captain, I am a senior physician, and if I recommend that your permit to operate within the Union should be revoked on quarantine grounds
KABE: Then I'll take you to the courts, my lady. You think getting this permit was easy? I've passed all your checks.
DOCTOR: Captain, a friend of mine is going to die unless I get help. We'll have to leave immediately. Please name your price.
KABE: Not a terribly good bargaining strategy, sir, but, er, I'll take your money.

NYSSA: Have you been Shayla's assistant for long?
SABIAN: For two years. She's a genius, Nyssa. The finest physician Traken has ever known. The first week I was here, she saved the life of a man found drifting in space after an accident. He had been pronounced dead, but she saved him. And you are far from dead, so she will save you.
NYSSA: I feel weak.
SABIAN: Don't worry. The Source will sustain you.
NYSSA: I want the Doctor here. Where is he?
SABIAN: I don't know. He and Shayla left together a few hours ago.
NYSSA: Left? To go where?
SABIAN: The northern shores?
NYSSA: Sabian.
SABIAN: They've gone to the northern shores.
(Door opens.)
SABIAN: Consul Hyrca. This is a medical ward and

(Door closes.)
HYRCA: You are Nyssa.
NYSSA: Yes.
HYRCA: I, I see. Well, fetch me Shayla, please.
SABIAN: She isn't here. The northern shores.
HYRCA: Pardon?
NYSSA: She and the Doctor have gone to the northern shores.
HYRCA: She lodged an injunction against the Consulate with the courts. I want to know what she's playing at. Nyssa, you are ordered to attend a meeting with the Consuls immediately.
SABIAN: She's too weak to
HYRCA: Immediately!

ANONA: Sir, there's a merchant ship leaving the Union. It will cross the boundary in this sector.
NARTHEX: It's not a scheduled flight?
ANONA: No. And it's not on a standard route.
NARTHEX: Kwundaar knows about this.
ANONA: It must be that agent he was talking about. Ah! Yes, I understand.
NARTHEX: He's talking to you?
ANONA: Yes. We are to intercept the ship, bring the passengers to him unharmed. Do what we will with the ship and any of its crew.
NARTHEX: There should be rich pickings. Battlestations, everyone. Do you want this kill, Lieutenant?
ANONA: Yes, sir.
NARTHEX: Then suit up and get over to the launch bays.

KABE: So, business is good, and as long as I keep me nose clean
DOCTOR: And what do you know about Kwundaar?
KABE: Huh. His followers are incredibly loyal. Runs his operation like a religion. But the way he acts, he's more like a pirate if you ask me. His people do all right out of it. Share the plunder.
SHAYLA: The wages of sin.
KABE: Oh, it's a good salary, my lady, and the way they see it, if Kwundaar says it's all right, it isn't a sin.
DOCTOR: And you know where he's based?
KABE: Yeah. It's hardly a secret. His ships orbit the Union past the Oort cloud, just beyond the edge of the system.
(Beep.)
KABE: The drive's at maximum. We've left the Union of Traken now. We'll be there in less than an hour.
(Alarm.)
KABE: What the blazes?
DOCTOR: There's a ship approaching. A big ship. It's matching course and speed.
KABE: Can't be. Pirates! We need to turn round, get back to the Union. They can't follow us back there.
SHAYLA: Could it be Kwundaar's men?
(Rumble.)
DOCTOR: Whoever they are, they're good at what they do. Is there any way we can get help?
KABE: Are either of you priests?
DOCTOR: No.
KABE: Then just sit down and keep out of me way. They've attached a docking pod. They're going to
(Explosion.)
DOCTOR: Good evening. I'm the Doctor. This is Shayla, and this is
(Energy weapon. Kabe screams. Sound of something dry crumbling to the floor.)
DOCTOR: There was no need. I've come to see Kwundaar. Is that you?
ANONA [OC]: No, but I follow him.
DOCTOR: Of course you do. I do rather need his help.
(Anona opens her helmet.)
ANONA: He is expecting you.

DOCTOR: He is?
ANONA: Follow me.

SABIAN: Nyssa, there's no need to go. You're too ill.
NYSSA: I have to go. I have to protect the Doctor.
SABIAN: You can barely stand.
(Nyssa cries out.)
SABIAN: Nyssa! What's the matter? What can you see?
NYSSA: Kwundaar!
SABIAN: It's all right. You've got a fever.
NYSSA: The Doctor is in terrible danger.
SABIAN: We don't even know where he is. Come here. There you go.
NYSSA: The Doctor is going to die. I can feel it.

(Hatch opens. Footsteps on metal.)
DOCTOR: It's a lovely ship you've got here. Bit militaristic for my taste, but I always admire good engineering. What do you say, Shayla?
SHAYLA: It's crude, brutal.
DOCTOR: Built to last, though. This ship is two or three thousand years old, isn't it? I doubt any of the crew are, though.
ANONA: Kwundaar is immortal. Our whole lives of service a mere moment. He will endure for ever. Here.
(Door opens.)
ANONA: You will go in there, Doctor, alone.
DOCTOR: Here, like this? Not coming with me?

(Door closes. Distant laughter.)
DOCTOR: Hello there. I can't seem to find the light switch.
KWUNDAAR: Follow the sound of my voice, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I take it you are Kwundaar.
(Something slides back.)
DOCTOR: Ah, I see.
KWUNDAAR: Welcome, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar, I presume.
KWUNDAAR: You came here. You have business to discuss.
DOCTOR: I do.
KWUNDAAR: Nyssa, your companion, is dying. You would have me save her life.
DOCTOR: Yes. You know about that?
KWUNDAAR: (laughs) What would you do in return for her life?
DOCTOR: You can save her?
KWUNDAAR: Yes.
DOCTOR: How?
KWUNDAAR: Evil knows evil. I see all. What would you do in return for her life?
DOCTOR: What would you have me do?
(Kwundaar laughs.)
DOCTOR: I came here to save Nyssa. Time is pressing. She will die soon unless you help. I will do anything you want, if you can prevent that.
KWUNDAAR: Will you?
DOCTOR: We can discuss terms, but I always like to talk face to face with the people I deal with.
KWUNDAAR: Do you indeed.
DOCTOR: I'm not impressed by these theatrics.
KWUNDAAR: Don't turn around.
DOCTOR: I'm not frightened of you.
KWUNDAAR: No. But you haven't turned around, have you?
DOCTOR : That face of yours isn't going to scare me, so why not just show yourself, hmm?
KWUNDAAR: As you wish.
(The Doctor gasps then screams as Kwundaar laughs.)

[Part Two]

(Distant scream.)
SHAYLA: What's happening?
ANONA: That is not for us to know. Lord Kwundaar and the Doctor have matters to discuss.
SHAYLA: That didn't sound like a discussion. Let me in!
NARTHEX: I really couldn't recommend going in there. Shayla? I'm Narthex, the commanding officer of this ship. Welcome aboard. I see no reason why your stay here shouldn't be comfortable. If there's anything you require?
SHAYLA: You authorised the attack on an unarmed merchant ship. You sent this girl to kill its captain.
NARTHEX: I did. And now it's in cargo bay four having its hold emptied by my crew.
SHAYLA: And you don't even feel guilt at your actions?
ANONA: Lord Kwundaar commanded it.
SHAYLA: And if Kwundaar commanded you to jump over a cliff you'd do it.
ANONA: Without hesitation.
NARTHEX: I would too, ma'am. But I concede I might hesitate for a moment.
SHAYLA: You are fools.
ANONA: No. Kwundaar has provide all this, and he allows us to do whatever we please. All he asks is unquestioning loyalty.
SHAYLA: And you don't feel any guilt for an innocent man's death? Or that the Doctor is being tortured in there?
NARTHEX: Guilt? My lady, behind that door is a living god. I worship him, follow his commandments. He grants me all I ask for, intervenes on my behalf. Huh, there's not many that can say that about *their* god. And he has assured me I need feel no guilt if I do what I do in his name.
SHAYLA: Why did the Doctor scream?
NARTHEX: The Doctor's looked him in the eye. Not something I've ever tried.
SHAYLA: You've never seen his face?
NARTHEX: He normally keeps it covered.
SHAYLA: Then the Doctor is dead?
NARTHEX: Well, the screaming's stopped.

HYRCA: O Source that shines on all Traken, grant we, your loyal Consuls of all the worlds of the Union, the illumination of thy perfect light, so we might ascertain the purpose of the Doctor, so we might protect the planets in our care.
JANNEUS: You are Nyssa?
NYSSA: I am.
SABIAN: Consuls, as one of the peoples charged with Nyssa's care, I have to object. You can see for yourself that she is critically ill.
HYRCA: We could proceed without her.
JANNEUS: Her testimony would be useful, but we could reach a judgement without it.
NYSSA: No.
JANNEUS: You feel able to testify?
NYSSA: I know the Doctor. None of you here do.
JANNEUS: Do you know where he is?
NYSSA: No.
HYRCA: The Doctor's Time Space machine is in Shayla's garden. The Fosters tell me it has not moved an inch since you first arrived, so where is he?
NYSSA: Please, I've already told you, I don't know.
SABIAN: Consuls, I don't understand why the Source has not been consulted.
NYSSA: The Source is just a machine.
(The Consuls gasp.)
HYRCA: The Source is what binds us together. It *is* a machine, yes, but a hundred generations ago its activation marked the beginning of the Union, the banishing of the old ways, the dawn after the long darkness.
NYSSA: No, it enables this. It regulates the climate. It gives Traken unlimited energy. It stores and distributes information. But the power could equally well be used for evil, if we so choose. It is
JANNEUS: To hear heresy from an off-worlder is bad enough. But from a citizen of Traken?

Now, you have travelled widely with the Doctor.
NYSSA: Yes, that's right.
HYRCA: I don't understand why you would want to leave the Union.
NYSSA: I. It was not my choice, initially, but I have learned a lot from my travels. And I hope I have helped others solve at least some of their difficulties. Sabian, you help people. You understand, don't you?
SABIAN: I'm a physician because my father is, and has always wanted his son to be.
NYSSA: But you want to help me.
HYRCA: If he wasn't Shayla's apprentice, someone else would be, and they would treat you, and Sabian here would be a horticulturist or a chemist.
NYSSA: But you get satisfaction from your training.
SABIAN: I would leave it if I did not. But I would never leave the Union. I can't even imagine how it is possible to live out there.

SHAYLA: It's been over an hour.
NARTHEX: There's no need to wait here. I'm sure that when Lord Kwundaar has finished with the Doctor that he'll let us
(Door opens.)
SHAYLA: We go in?
NARTHEX: I suppose we have to.
(Footsteps. The Doctor is panting.)
NARTHEX: He's alive.
SHAYLA: His pulse is. Oh, I think he's got two pulses. They're both very fast.
NARTHEX: Two hearts, eh? Does that mean it's more likely or less likely he'd have a heart attack, do you think?
SHAYLA: We need to get him to your medical facilities.
DOCTOR: (weak) I'll be all right.
SHAYLA: You're awake.
DOCTOR: Of course I am.
NARTHEX: Here, let me help you up.
(Effort.)
NARTHEX: You saw his face, didn't you?
DOCTOR: I did.
NARTHEX: (laughs) He must think very highly of you.
(Footsteps.)
NARTHEX: We're not allowed to look. Nor would we want to.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Very wise. I'm the Doctor.
NARTHEX: I'm Captain Narthex, commander of this ship.
DOCTOR: Could I trouble you for a seat and a glass of water?

JANNEUS: Sabian, the Fosters watching Shayla's house have seen no sign of either her or the Doctor today.
SABIAN: They are by the northern shores, Consul Janneus.
JANNEUS: What are they doing there? He's meant to be concerned about his ward, and Shayla is meant to be treating her.
HYRCA: It sounds to me like they have abandoned you. Perhaps Shayla has discovered the evil afflicting young Nyssa is contagious?
NYSSA: This is nonsense. Wouldn't she have warned Sabian? Wouldn't she have warned me?
HYRCA: Perhaps she wouldn't. If she felt the risk of remaining too great, she could flee without so much as packing a bag. Shayla is the expert on disease. Her absence speaks volumes.
JANNEUS: Your reasoning is sound. But why take the Doctor with her? Surely, as the source of the disease
HYRCA: Some corruptions of the body have hosts that show no symptoms. They spread more effectively that way.
JANNEUS: But Shayla would be affected herself, surely.
HYRCA: I do not pretend to be an expert, but I do have a solution. We remove the known carrier.
SABIAN: Remove?
HYRCA: Disintegrate. I fear we must disintegrate Nyssa for the sake of all Traken, and we

must do so without delay.
NYSSA: No!
JANNEUS: Sit down! The fact is that a cause of peril has been introduced to Traken and
NYSSA: A cause of peril? Consul, you sound like a superstitious savage. You should be ashamed of your, you, ah (rustle of clothes.)
SABIAN: Nyssa. Nyssa!

SHAYLA: What did he do to you?
DOCTOR: We negotiated. He's a particularly adept telepath. Unfortunately, as a Time Lord, I have rather good natural psychic defences.
NARTHEX: Unfortunately?
DOCTOR: Yes. To get through them he had to push rather hard.
SHAYLA: So he knows everything you do?
NARTHEX: Kwundaar is omniscient already.
DOCTOR: To all practical purposes. He can read minds. As far as I can tell, he can do it across Time and Space. Who knows what his limits are? He's more powerful than I thought, Shayla.
SHAYLA: If he has all your knowledge, what can you offer him?
DOCTOR: I have no idea. That's what we'll be discussing this afternoon, once I'm strong enough to go back. He holds all the cards. If I knew what he was, where he came from, I might have some leverage. Captain Narthex?
NARTHEX: He's a god.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see, but where does he come from?
NARTHEX: Who knows that? Not me.
DOCTOR: And if you did, you wouldn't tell me.
NARTHEX: *If* I knew, and I don't, it wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference. He's all-powerful, Doctor. You can't defeat God.
DOCTOR: He may, just may, be omniscient, but if he really was omnipotent as well, well, he wouldn't be skulking around this ship, would he? Well, I have to play it the way he wants. Shayla, how long has Nyssa got?
SHAYLA: She will survive the night, but beyond that
NARTHEX: Who's Nyssa? Your daughter?
DOCTOR: Nyssa is my travelling companion. She's fallen ill. Shayla thinks that only Kwundaar has the knowledge to cure her.
NARTHEX: Kwundaar sees all.
DOCTOR: He claims he does, yes. Now it's a matter of coming to terms, hopefully before he kills me.
NARTHEX: As the honoured guests of Kwundaar, you have the run of the ship until then. I'll assign Anona to see to your needs.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
NARTHEX: Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to return to my duties.
(Footsteps recede.)
SHAYLA: I don't trust them.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar is telling the truth. Perhaps not the *whole* truth, but he convinced me he can cure Nyssa.
SHAYLA: The people here are devious. They look at us when they think we can't see them. They hide things from each other. And they're pirates, murderers.
DOCTOR: They don't have the same advantages that our backgrounds gave us.
SHAYLA: You would excuse them?
DOCTOR: I would *help* them, if they would let me free them from Kwundaar. But they don't see any other way to live.

SABIAN: Nyssa! Lady Nyssa!
NYSSA: (groans) Sabian, what's the matter?
SABIAN: I'm sorry, but you weren't moving. Your skin is so pale.
NYSSA: You thought I was dead.
SABIAN: (sotto) Yes.
HYRCA: She is recovered?
SABIAN: I told you, she is seriously ill. She must rest. You have to adjourn this inquiry.
HYRCA: Consul Janneus?

JANNEUS: I see no harm in that. We shall reconvene first thing tomorrow morning. Sabian, you are charged with Nyssa's care.
(Door opens, footsteps recede, door closes.)
NYSSA: There's no hope for me, is there.
SABIAN: Don't say that, my lady. There is always hope.
NYSSA: You've done all you can for me, though.
SABIAN: Well, the spa. There's a warm spring not far from here. The waters are imbued with warmth from the Source. They have healing properties. They may not cure you, but will ease your pain. We shall go there.
NYSSA: And wait for the inevitable.

SHAYLA: You look exhausted, Doctor.
DOCTOR: The food here is marvellous, don't you think?
SHAYLA: Yes. Almost up to Union standards.
ANONA: I shall inform the chef.
DOCTOR: How old are you, Anona?
ANONA: Eighteen.
SHAYLA: Same as Sabian.
DOCTOR: Tell me, Anona. Why do you serve Kwundaar? Why do you choose to live this way?
ANONA: He provides my body with wealth and my soul with meaning.
SHAYLA: You must see that he is evil? He causes death and destruction. You see what just being in his presence has done to the Doctor.
ANONA: Kwundaar teaches that to repress your feelings and desires is the only true evil.
SHAYLA: On Traken we call that selfishness.
ANONA: My parents died from Falconian plague.
SHAYLA: I'm sorry to hear that, but I don't see how that is my fault.
ANONA: You're both doctors. You know the cure.
DOCTOR: I'm not a medical doctor, well, no, not really.
SHAYLA: I've never come across a case of Falconian plague, but from memory, a small dose of Atolix can inoculate against it. A tincture of liquid Galas treats an existing case.
ANONA: You have that knowledge, but you keep it to yourself. That is selfish. Had my parents served Kwundaar, he would have granted them the cure.
SHAYLA: I can't help everyone. When I do, I wouldn't ask for anything in return.
ANONA: So who was the last person from outside the Union who you did help?
DOCTOR: Ladies, there's no need for raised voices. Anona, I try my best to help people, and the best way to do that is to teach them to help themselves.
ANONA: Exactly as Kwundaar teaches.
DOCTOR: Ah, no, that's not quite what I meant. Let a man sit by your fire and he's warm for the night. Show him how to start a fire, he'll be warm every night.
ANONA: Set him on fire, he'll be warm for the rest of his life.
DOCTOR: This isn't funny, Anona. You depend on Kwundaar. How would you survive without him?
ANONA: Lord Kwundaar sees all, and will live until the end of Time. The question doesn't arise.
DOCTOR: But there is another way. When my negotiations are concluded here, Shayla and I will be returning to the Union. You could come with us.
NARTHEX: Stealing my crew, Doctor?
SHAYLA: Her kind would not be welcome in the Union.
DOCTOR: No, but there are places out there you couldn't dream of. I could tell you about some of them.
ANONA: I have all I want here.
SHAYLA: How can you have?
DOCTOR: The offer remains open, Anona.
NARTHEX: We're happy where we are, Doctor.
DOCTOR: As someone's servant? You can't really be happy.
ANONA: Everyone here is here willingly. We serve
NARTHEX: I can answer for myself, Lieutenant. Working for Lord Kwundaar means I can provide for my family.
ANONA: I didn't know you had children, Captain.
NARTHEX: You never asked. Three daughters. They get everything I earn here. They live well,

go to the best schools. Kwundaar watches over them for me, warns me if they might come to harm.
SHAYLA: And do they know how you earn a living?
NARTHEX: No. No, they don't. But what they don't know won't harm them, and it does mean I have a very good reason to stay where I am.
DOCTOR: It sounds like you're giving your children a good life.
SHAYLA: You don't have a family, Doctor?
DOCTOR: As a matter of fact
NARTHEX: I'm afraid, ladies and gentlemen, I have to break up this conversation. Lord Kwundaar has requested your presence, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah. I'd hoped to delay a little longer. Well, wish me luck, everyone.

NYSSA: The water is warm, invigorating. Why don't you join me instead of standing over there with your arms crossed?
SABIAN: I am not the patient.
NYSSA: Your patient might faint again. And if I fainted in here, I might drown.
SABIAN: (tuts) I'd better join you. (water movement) You do feel better?
NYSSA: A little. How about you?
SABIAN: Me?
NYSSA: You've hardly slept since I arrived. Tending to me must be tiring work, and I can tell you are worried.
SABIAN: The water is very relaxing.
NYSSA: The design of this building is unusual.
SABIAN: I think it used to be a temple.
NYSSA: A temple?
SABIAN: You know, a place of worship?
NYSSA: I know what a temple is. I just didn't think there were any on Traken.
SABIAN: Oh, there aren't. Not any more. This place is very old, but this is a beautiful building. Well constructed, so they left it standing.
NYSSA: So what's the real explanation for the healing properties of the water?
SABIAN: The interface for the Source is housed in a vault under the Consul chamber.
NYSSA: Yes, I remember it.
SABIAN: But only the Consuls are allowed access to the chamber.
NYSSA: I mean, of course, that I remember where it is.
SABIAN: Ah. Well, the Source interface gives off heat, and that warms an underground stream that runs beneath the chamber. That comes to the surface several miles downstream, here.
NYSSA: And as well as the heat, the Source imbues the water with beneficial properties.
SABIAN: Concentrating those benefits. You should drink the water, too. There's a fount in the changing room. But you already look a lot better. Your skin has some colour to it now.
NYSSA: You really aren't seeing me at my best.
SABIAN: I er, wish that I could.
NYSSA: But there's nothing you can do, is there.
SABIAN: Oh, my Lady Nyssa, if there was, then I would.
NYSSA: It's all right. I believe in the Doctor. I know he will do all he can to save me. And I know there's nothing you or I can do but wait now, so just stay with me, talk to me.

DOCTOR: Hello? Kwundaar, my business here is urgent.
(Door closes.)
KWUNDAAR: Watch.
DOCTOR: A map of the galaxy, a star map.
KWUNDAAR: What do you see?
DOCTOR: Well, stars, being a star map.
KWUNDAAR: (laughs) I see darkness. Darkness with tiny pinpricks of light.
DOCTOR: You're one of those people whose glass is always half empty, aren't you, I can tell.
KWUNDAAR: Now what do you see?
DOCTOR: The Traken Union. It's a nice place. I take it you've never been?
KWUNDAAR: Hmm. The Source would burn my flesh, annihilate me. It's a place that stifles such as me, but once, once I walked there in the cool of the evening.
DOCTOR: You did? When was that? Kwundaar? There's a certain conformity there, certainly, but the people of Traken are free to leave and there's much there to admire.

KWUNDAAR: You left Gallifrey to escape such a life.
DOCTOR: There was a bit more to it than that, and whatever my reasons I wouldn't force anyone to do the same as me. The people of Traken have a good life. They are eminent scientists and artists.
KWUNDAAR: They've had it easy. The Source provides security, gives them certainty. They don't realise it's a gilded cage.
DOCTOR: You would destroy them for that, given the chance.
KWUNDAAR: Yes.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar, I hope you're not expecting me to destroy the Union for you. Not even Nyssa's life is worth that.
KWUNDAAR: No. I see your mind. You have destroyed Traken already, in the future, in your past. And for that, I thank you.
DOCTOR: That's hardly fair.
KWUNDAAR: You allowed it to be destroyed.
DOCTOR: I couldn't prevent it. Now, what do I have to do to save Nyssa?
KWUNDAAR: You have seen the Source.
DOCTOR: Yes. Not on this visit, a previous one. It's in the vault below the Consul chamber.
KWUNDAAR: The Source itself is sealed behind a protective screen. Combination, two four five, six eight zero.
DOCTOR: I really don't see the relevance of
KWUNDAAR: If you've been in the chamber, then you know what I'm after.
DOCTOR: Er, no.
KWUNDAAR: Ah, you saw it.
DOCTOR: I'm trying to remember.
KWUNDAAR: Bring it to me. Hand it to me by dawn tomorrow and Nyssa will live. I have boosted her psychic defences. She will not die before then.
DOCTOR: Look, you're going to have to remind me. Kwundaar, if I don't know what I'm supposed to do, then
(Kwundaar is gone.)
DOCTOR: A clue would be nice.

SHAYLA: There.
ANONA: What are you doing?
SHAYLA: Your captain has granted us run of the ship.
ANONA: You will stand away from that computer terminal.
SHAYLA: I am adding medical information to your system. Here, look. This is a small medical computer. I carry it wherever I go, and I've downloaded its contents to your computer.
ANONA: What do you gain from that?
SHAYLA: I'm helping you. Helping your people. None of them will die of the conditions that could be easily cured on Traken.
ANONA: You're a fool!
SHAYLA: I am?
ANONA: Less of your enemies will die as a result of this, and you have gained nothing in return.
(Door opens.)
SHAYLA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's all right. He was much more civilised this time. Almost chummy.
SHAYLA: You seem confused.
DOCTOR: I am. I'll explain on the way back.
SHAYLA: We're leaving?
(Anona channels Kwundaar.)
ANONA: The woman stays here.
DOCTOR: That wasn't part of the deal, Kwundaar.
ANONA: I set the terms.
DOCTOR: You do not need to hold a hostage to ensure my cooperation, Nyssa is that hostage, remember?
ANONA: Shayla is not a hostage. She will never be returned. She is to be a plaything, a slave, until her death.
SHAYLA: Doctor!
(Kwundaar leaves Anona's mind.)

ANONA: You heard the Greatest Leader. Oh.
SHAYLA: What's happening to her?
DOCTOR: The strain of being Kwundaar's host is taking its toll. Come on, before she recovers.
ANONA: (weak) Wait.

(Birds singing.)
SABIAN: You look a lot better. We could, er, sit together here in the, er, garden, perhaps.
NYSSA: Since we left the spa, I've not even had a headache. Sabian, that's odd. The Tardis has gone.
SABIAN: Consul Hyrca, what is going on?
HYRCA: Nyssa, by order of the Consulate of Traken, you are hereby placed in quarantine until your condition can be fully investigated. Then, the Consulate has authorised use of any necessary remedial action.
NYSSA: Including my disintegration?
HYRCA: If that proves necessary.
SABIAN: But she's no longer ill!
HYRCA: Yesterday Shayla said it would be years before you recovered.
NYSSA: I'm not sure how, but I'm a lot better.
SABIAN: You can see that for yourself.
HYRCA: How?
SABIAN: I don't think it was anything to do with what we did at the spring.
NYSSA: I don't see how to explain it, but ever since then I've not felt ill at all. I've not felt this good for weeks. Has the Doctor come back yet? Where's the Tardis?
HYRCA: We don't know where the Doctor is. His travel machine has been placed in quarantine until such time as it can be disposed of. And the order for your detention still stands, my lady. Apprentice Sabian, you are also to be closely monitored for signs of (pause) illness.
SABIAN: Consul, I have been in close contact with Nyssa for over a day and I haven't felt any symptoms.
HYRCA: (chuckles) The corruption of the spirit must be insidious indeed if you can't even feel it happening.
NYSSA: That logic is ridiculous. I demand to see the Doctor.
HYRCA: Foster Etrayk, take her inside. Neither she nor Sabian are to leave the house.
ETRAYK: Yes, my lord.

(Running. Alarms sounding.)
DOCTOR: Come on.
SHAYLA: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: Bay four. The merchant ship we came in is there.
SHAYLA: Can you pilot it?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'd have thought so. Come on, through here. Oops, perhaps we won't go that way.
SHAYLA: Down here?
DOCTOR: Why not.

NARTHEX: Anona, come in. Respond. Lieutenant Anona? All units locate the Doctor.
SOLDIER [OC]: They were just here, sir. Level six.
NARTHEX: I need to know where they are, not where they were, soldier. Anona, how did they escape?
(Anona channels Kwundaar.)
ANONA: They're heading for the merchant ship. You are not to kill them.
NARTHEX: All units converge on cargo bay four. Anona, get down there and coordinate them.
ANONA: (normal) Sir.
SOLDIER [OC]: We have them.
NARTHEX: Wait a moment, Anona. Where?
SOLDIER [OC]: Base of the merchant ship. They can't get the hatch to the boarding tube open.
ANONA: (Kwundaar) The Doctor is to be taken alive. (normal) And the woman's life is mine. I'll get down there, Captain.
NARTHEX: They aren't going anywhere. That hatch is neutronically sealed. They need access to the command circuit to open it.

SOLDIER [OC]: We're less than twenty metres away, Captain.
NARTHEX: Right, Doctor.

DOCTOR: The boarding tunnel is through that door.
SHAYLA: Hurry.
DOCTOR: Neutronic lock. Simple enough to open. I'll just use my er. Oh, yes. I was forgetting. Oh well, have to do it the hard way. Let's see now. Bit out of practice.
SOLDIER [OC]: We're less than twenty metres away, Captain.
SHAYLA: Hurry.
DOCTOR: I'm doing my best, but there are fourteen trillion possible combinations. Give me a minute.
(Hatch opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh, I impress myself.

SHAYLA: Hopefully the ship wasn't too damaged when it was attacked.
DOCTOR: A little late to worry about that now.
(Hatch closes.)
SHAYLA: Thankfully they've not stripped the ship, just taken its cargo.
DOCTOR: It's worth more intact. Now, let's see.
SHAYLA: You need medical attention. You still haven't recovered from seeing
DOCTOR: Two minutes, once we're clear. Shayla, you see that row of blue buttons? Press them all, would you? Top one first.
SHAYLA: The launch bay door isn't open.
DOCTOR: It's all right, I know. Now, let's see. No time for the computer to calculate the coordinates. Er, there.
SHAYLA: But if the door isn't
DOCTOR: Batteries to power, turbines to speed. Let's see. Er, pitch, roll, yaw. Ah, there we are. Gyre and gimble.
SHAYLA: There are guards firing at us. There, on the monitor. They're in the docking tunnel. I think that girl Anona is one of them.
DOCTOR: So she is. Now where's the er. Ah yes. (comms system) Attention guards, this is the Doctor. I'm terribly sorry I couldn't give you more notice, but the drive is on automatic countdown and will shortly be firing. You have er, eight seconds to clear the area.
SHAYLA: They're retreating. You won't need to shut the engines down. You would have done though, wouldn't you? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Here we go.
SHAYLA: But the hatch is still sealed.
DOCTOR: No need to open the hatch ourselves. It responds to the ship's drive being activated. Simple, really.
SHAYLA: They aren't following.
DOCTOR: Well, firing any sort of hyperdrive in a confined space isn't good for the local atmosphere. Next stop Traken. Full speed ahead!
SHAYLA: And the course back is set?
DOCTOR: Yes, locked into the navigation computers.
SHAYLA: Then it's time for you to rest.

KWUNDAAR: Report.
NARTHEX: The Doctor and the woman have escaped, my Lord. They managed to damage our pad as they did. It will be four hours before repairs are complete.
ANONA: My Lord Kwundaar, I throw myself on your infinite mercy. It was my error, and it almost lead to the Doctor's death.
KWUNDAAR: My infinite mercy?
ANONA: I have obeyed you. I have tried to serve you.
KWUNDAAR: And you have, child.
ANONA: My Lord?
KWUNDAAR: I told you, I have an agent on Traken.
ANONA: Yes, the girl. The Doctor's companion. I forget her name.
NARTHEX: Anarissa, wasn't it?
KWUNDAAR: Nyssa.

NARTHEX: You're the reason she is ill. You infected her in the first place.
KWUNDAAR: I reached out, searching for someone who might aid me. My requirements were precise. A native of Traken who was outside the Union. One who'd been exposed to evil. One with the skills or allies who would bring me what I need. Who could bring my restoration. I found Nyssa soon after she started travelling with the Doctor. I entered her mind, released her psychic potential. My power over her has grown steadily stronger.
ANONA: She hears your words in her mind and her dreams, as I do. She's under your control, subject to your whims as I am.
KWUNDAAR: Yes. You object, Captain Narthex. You imagine me doing the same to your daughters, violating their souls, forcing them to give themselves to me. I could do so. I will not.
NARTHEX: Your wisdom is unmatched, my Lord. You clearly understand the situation more fully than I do.
ANONA: Nyssa sees the truth in your words, and, as I do, she is your good and willing servant.
KWUNDAAR: No, she resists. She is a true Daughter of Traken. Her mind would rather destroy itself that yield to me. As I foresaw. And by resisting me, she will destroy herself, as all who resist me are destroyed.
NARTHEX: Then how can she be your agent?
KWUNDAAR: *She* is not my agent.
ANONA: But
NARTHEX: The Doctor.
KWUNDAAR: Yes.
NARTHEX: The Doctor is your agent?
KWUNDAAR: He will do anything to save his companion. The Doctor thinks he has escaped me. He thinks he's outwitted one who sees and knows all. But he is mine. At dawn tomorrow he will hand me the Source, and Traken will be mine. And then I will have everything. The Doctor will see this and the Doctor will realise the totality of his failure. And then I will kill him.

[Part Three]

SHAYLA: Doctor, wake up.
DOCTOR: Sorry, I nodded off.
SHAYLA: We've landed. Oh, the Union is beautiful. I've never really appreciated that before. To see the sun rising over Traken
DOCTOR: The sun is setting, I think.
SHAYLA: But we're safe from Kwundaar.
DOCTOR: Yes, perfectly safe. He can't reach us here. Are we safe from your people, though?
SHAYLA: We'll find out soon enough, I think.

(Hatch opens.)
DOCTOR: They've come out to welcome us home. Fosters. Armed Fosters.
SHAYLA: And Hyrca and Janneus.
DOCTOR: Consuls! How is Nyssa?
HYRCA: Doctor, Shayla, you are under arrest for consorting with the enemies of Traken.
SHAYLA: We did no such thing. I was simply fulfilling my duty as a physician. The Doctor was saving the life of his friend.
DOCTOR: Do we really have to shout like this? And could you please answer my question?
JANNEUS: Nyssa is under house arrest.
DOCTOR: (sotto) At least she's alive. Kwundaar seems to be keeping his word. (normal) Can we please see her?
HYRCA: Don't come any closer. Foster Etrayk, scan them.
ETRAYK: Yes, my lord.
SHAYLA: What are you hoping to find?
DOCTOR: Oh, that tickles. Consuls, I can assure you we're not carrying any weapons. On the way back, Shayla checked us for alien pathogens. We pose no risk.
SHAYLA: If we contained the merest grain of evil, the Source would have detected it and destroyed us.
JANNEUS: You met with Kwundaar?
DOCTOR: I did. Shayla did not.
ETRAYK: The scan says they are clear.

DOCTOR: Consuls, I appreciate your concern, but the only danger in this whole affair has been to my companion, and I believe that the danger has passed. Now, if you'll take me to Nyssa, we won't trouble you any further. We'll get straight in the Tardis and be on our way.
HYRCA: Kwundaar released you?
SHAYLA: We escaped.
JANNEUS: We will need a full report to examine the implications of this situation. But it does seem apparent that the immediate danger has passed. Doctor, you can't leave before you have spoken to a Consular Board of Inquiry.
DOCTOR: Oh, for pity's sake, make up your minds. Do you want us to go or not?
SHAYLA: Don't worry, Doctor. This will be over quickly.
HYRCA: We shall convene in the Consul chamber at once.
DOCTOR: Can we please see Nyssa first?

(Tinny music playing.)
NYSSA: Right, that's it. Kick up your heels. No, not like that, like this.
SABIAN: This is ridiculous. Is this really what passes for music and dancing on, where did you say? Earth?
NYSSA: It's the nearest the melody engine can manage. You've got to admit, it's good exercise. Come on, that's right. Now knock your knees together.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: Doctor!
SHAYLA: What are you doing, Sabian?
SABIAN: The Chorlton.
(Door closes.)
NYSSA: Charleston.
SABIAN: It's how they dance on the planet Earth, isn't it, Nyssa?
SHAYLA: It's a dance? Can you do that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: The mark of a gentleman is that he knows how to Charleston, but doesn't. You're looking a lot better, Nyssa.
NYSSA: It's something you did, isn't it.
DOCTOR: Yes.
NYSSA: Thank you.
DOCTOR: I can't guarantee it's over, but I know what it is now. Your psychic defences have been eroded. You're vulnerable to outside influence. Now, with a little time, I can teach you some Gallifreyan meditation techniques to boost your resistance.
NYSSA: Here on Traken?
DOCTOR: No. That's part of the problem. The Source acts as a perfect barrier, so any natural defence your species had has long been lost. A bit like the way isolated tribes can be susceptible to illnesses that are harmless to the general population. If you're strong enough, we should get away before dawn.
SHAYLA: The Consuls are waiting for us, Doctor..
DOCTOR: They are indeed. Nyssa, we'll get going straight after that. See if you can get Sabian to master the Charleston by then.
SABIAN: I thought I was nearly there.
NYSSA: No. Lift your arm. That's it.

(Fighting.)
NARTHEX: No, lift your arm! That's it. Keep your guard up. Your left hand.
ANONA: You broke my nose.
NARTHEX: I made it bleed. It's not broken. Now come on. I'm nearly twice your age. This should be easy for you. Don't pull your punches, I'm not.
ANONA: Help me up.
NARTHEX: Sure. I'll argh! (thud, thud, thud)
ANONA: Serve Kwundaar. Serve yourself before you serve any other. Second commandment.
NARTHEX: Right, better. Ah, you've got a good right hook.
ANONA: Thank you. Is this necessary? Oh! The people of Traken are pacifists and they won't be expecting an attack.
NARTHEX: They'll fight to defend their home soil. They've got a lot to lose. And don't forget they don't go in for wide roads. It's all gardens and pathways, so we won't be able to move

around our artillery or armoured vehicles. Lord Kwundaar anticipates a lot of hand to hand fighting.
ANONA: I am ready to fight for Kwundaar. I will die for him.
NARTHEX: The idea isn't to die for our ideals, it's to make sure the enemy die for theirs.
ANONA: Argh!
NARTHEX: And for our god's sake, keep your guard up. That one did break your nose, I'm afraid. You'll forgive me if I don't help you up. I've got preparations to make. I want you back on the control deck in half an hour. This ship and its crew are nowhere near combat ready.
ANONA: Ow. (cries)

(Door opens.)
HYRCA: Doctor, please take your seat. You are ready, Shayla?
SHAYLA: I am.
JANNEUS: We convene in the light of the Source that shines on us all. The purpose of this inquiry is to ascertain the immediate intentions of Lord Kwundaar, and to assess the threat that he may pose to Traken.
HYRCA: Doctor, you met with Kwundaar?
DOCTOR: I did. I wished to save Nyssa's life. Shayla and I bought passage on a merchant ship, left the Union, and were quickly intercepted by Kwundaar's men.
SHAYLA: It seems clear they have a sophisticated tracking technology, and monitor all ship movements.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar is a powerful psychic. He can read minds at a great distance, possibly an interstellar one. He also claims to be able to reach out with his mind through Time. I suggest that rather than technology, Kwundaar uses that mental ability to detect spacecraft coming and going. Such a thing is possible, although very rare. One of the things that puzzles me is who Kwundaar is and where he's from.
JANNEUS: That is not your concern.
DOCTOR: Oh, it is. Aren't you curious? If we knew who he was and what he wanted and why he wants it, well, we might have some chance of stopping him.
JANNEUS: Your insight in these matters is not needed. The Source prevents him from entering the Union.
DOCTOR: He said he'd been here once.
HYRCA: Quite impossible. Please continue your account without your speculations.
DOCTOR: Well, one of Kwundaar's followers killed the merchant captain
HYRCA: The merchant was not from the Union, and so is outside the scope of this inquiry.
DOCTOR: He was a human being!
HYRCA: We are concerned with Kwundaar. Tell us of your meeting with him.
DOCTOR: We met alone. Shayla was elsewhere on the vessel.
SHAYLA: I will give a full account of my activities on Kwundaar's ship. We are agreed that we can do this tomorrow, after the Doctor has departed?
JANNEUS: I concur.
HYRCA: I concur, but so must the witness. Shayla?
DOCTOR: Of course she concurs, she suggested it.
JANNEUS: The procedure requires formal confirmation.
SHAYLA: For the record, yes, I concur.
HYRCA: Please, Doctor, give an account of your meeting.
DOCTOR: I had two meetings, both of them one to one with Kwundaar, and no others present. On the first

NARTHEX: Computer, this is Captain Narthex. Open hyperlink to Vizal Prime. Reference, Simia term time.
SIMIA [OC]: Dad?
NARTHEX: Hello there, Simi. It's good to see you.
SIMIA [OC]: You've not called for ages.
NARTHEX: I know. I've been busy. Term ends next week, doesn't it?
SIMIA [OC]: Yes.
NARTHEX: I might not be able to make it back. We're right in the middle of an operation.
SIMIA [OC]: I understand.
NARTHEX: I know you're disappointed.
SIMIA [OC]: I er. Dad, I was going to ask you. I've met this boy. His parents have a hunting

lodge in the Noram hills. He's invited me along next weekend.
NARTHEX: Alone?
SIMIA [OC]: Yes. I thought I should ask you first.
NARTHEX: What's his name?
SIMIA [OC]: Abalon. He's training to be an architect. We've been seeing each other for a few months.
NARTHEX: Of course you can go.
SIMIA [OC]: I thought you'd be
NARTHEX: I love you, Simi. You'll tell the others that, won't you?
SIMIA [OC]: Of course. Is anything the matter, Dad?
NARTHEX: No. Everything's good. You enjoy yourself. Don't let this Abalon break your heart. I love you. See you soon.

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: And that's it, I'm free to go.
SHAYLA: They want you gone, Doctor. And they mean what they say. They'll have you both executed if you return.
DOCTOR: Well, thank you once again for everything, Shayla. You really didn't have to walk me to the Tardis.
SHAYLA: The Consuls insisted I witness your departure.
DOCTOR: If life here is a bit stifling, then you're quite welcome to join us.
SHAYLA: I have work here, Doctor, but thank you for the offer.
(Footsteps.)
NYSSA: Back so soon?
DOCTOR: I thought I was in that inquiry forever. Time flies when you're having fun, but now it's time to go.
(Tardis door opens.)
NYSSA: Goodbye, Sabian. Keep practising the Charleston.
SABIAN: Goodbye, Nyssa. I hope you will visit us again.
NYSSA: We might. The Doctor can't really control the Tardis.
DOCTOR [OC]: Come on, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Thank you for everything you've done.
(Tardis door closes, Tardis dematerialises.)
SHAYLA: Come on, Sabian. No time for moping.
SABIAN: Just coming.

NYSSA: It was strange seeing Traken again.
DOCTOR: We're not finished here yet.
NYSSA: But you said
DOCTOR: It's something Kwundaar said. Something I didn't mention to Shayla or that silly inquiry. He said that what he wanted was in the vault that contained the Source interface.
NYSSA: What?
DOCTOR: That's exactly it, I don't know. And if we leave now, I'd never know. And I don't think I could live with myself, never knowing. Ah, it's not letting me set coordinates.
NYSSA: The Source is well-defended. You'd need a Consular ring to get in, and only then with the consent of the whole Consulate.
DOCTOR: There must be another way in. Yes, there. There's a water course, an underground stream.
NYSSA: The spa.
DOCTOR: Pardon?
NYSSA: I went to a healing spring. Sabian told me the water was heated by passing close to the Source.
DOCTOR: Yes, there it is. It's letting us go there. It'll mean a short swim, but, you can swim? The question's never come up before, has it.
NYSSA: I can swim, but
DOCTOR: That's the place. Excellent. Despite what you just said to Sabian, I *can* fly the Tardis. Now, you find yourself a swimming costume. I'll get a waterproof bag and some things from the tool kit.

HYRCA: The Doctor has gone.
JANNEUS: I, I ought to feel relieved, but there is much about this incident that worries me.
HYRCA: The integrity of the Union has been preserved.
JANNEUS: And the Doctor's questions about Kwundaar were sound. For as long as we have known, Kwundaar has been there, on the edge of the Union. But why? What does he hope to gain?
HYRCA: It shouldn't concern you. The Source keeps Kwundaar at bay. The Source is infallible, so the Source will always keep Kwundaar at bay.
JANNEUS: If the Source is infallible, then why did it not pass judgement on the Doctor? Why leave it to us?
HYRCA: You think our ruling was wrong?
JANNEUS: N-no.
HYRCA: Well then. Now, there is a recital this evening with a promising new orator, Marcian. Let us attend that and return Kwundaar to the back of our minds. The matter is settled.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, very fetching.
NYSSA: You look silly.
DOCTOR: This is the height of fashion on Earth. At least, it was the last time I had cause to go sea bathing. I'm amazed it still fits me.
NYSSA: If we're caught here, the Consuls will have us executed.
DOCTOR: So let's not get caught. I've had a quick look. The water course is easily wide enough, and we'll be swimming against the current, but it's quite gentle.
(Splashing.)
DOCTOR: Fascinating architecture.
NYSSA: Sabian thought it was an old temple.
DOCTOR: Did he? Yes, I think he was right. I don't think this part started life as a pool. This was probably the sanctum, the most sacred area. I'm not sure what all these ledges are.
NYSSA: Somewhere to put your clothes while your bathing?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. Only the priests would be allowed down here. It was probably built because of the healing properties of the water.
NYSSA: No, they come from the Source.
DOCTOR: Oh, are you sure?
NYSSA: Yes, Doctor. Once the Source was built, there wouldn't have been any need for a temple. It must be a coincidence.
DOCTOR: An odd one.
NYSSA: Doctor, can we concentrate on the more important questions, like how are we going to breathe underwater?
DOCTOR: Here. Artificial gills. Not very elegant.
NYSSA: Better than drowning.

ANONA: Captain on the Bridge.
NARTHEX: Thank you, Anona. How's the nose? Oh well. Right, what's the status of the power grid?
ANONA: It's at eighty percent capacity.
NARTHEX: Eighty? (comms) Engine room, this is the Captain. What are you doing down there, you've had your four hours.
(Static.)
NARTHEX: And what in hell's name is that?
ANONA: Fluctuations in the power grid have disrupted many of the ship's systems. Sir, with respect, Kwundaar will provide.
NARTHEX: I beg your pardon?
ANONA: He is the All-seeing One. When he leads us into battle, he will win the day. We may perish, but the Greatest Leader will prevail.
NARTHEX: If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not perish.
ANONA: The Union contains no weapons except the Source. If that fails them, they will fall.
NARTHEX: I can't believe what I'm hearing. Lieutenant, an unarmed civilian merchant ship has virtually crippled the flagship of the fleet. Remember the fourth commandment?
ANONA: Sir. Kwundaar helps those who help themselves.

NARTHEX: Lieutenant, don't say it, follow it. And the rest of you, we could be going to war at any moment! So why are you all standing around?

DOCTOR: Ah, invigorating. Hang on a minute. This laser cutter's a bit crude but it will get this cover off. Don't worry, we'll put everything back the way we found it.
NYSSA: It's an antechamber. The Source should be just through this archway. Yes, it's straight through here. It's beautiful, isn't it? Doctor? Where are you?
DOCTOR: I'm here.
NYSSA: You've changed back into your clothes.
DOCTOR: What did you think was in the waterproof bag? I'm sorry there wasn't room for yours, but it's lovely and warm in here, so you won't catch a chill.
NYSSA: Well, there's the Source.
DOCTOR: Is it a bit more active than in your time?
NYSSA: I think so. I'm not sure. Any idea what we're looking for?
DOCTOR: Kwundaar said I'd know it when I saw it. I don't think I can have seen it yet. I'll have a look around. This chamber is very old.
NYSSA: It would have to be. Even this early in Traken's history, the Source has been active for several thousand years.
DOCTOR: That long? Still, this chamber is older than that.
NYSSA: How can you possibly know that?
DOCTOR: We Time Lords have a knack. Look, you see that pillar? Exactly the same type as those in the bathhouse. And that temple pre-dated the Source, didn't it, so I reckon this place does too. I wonder what it used to be?
NYSSA: Does it matter?
DOCTOR: Everything matters, Nyssa. Now what's that around the Source?
NYSSA: A protective screen, I think. I think you control it by using this keypad.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see. It allows access.

JANNEUS: Shayla? The Doctor has gone?
SHAYLA: I saw it with my own eyes. Is something the matter, Consul Hyrca?
HYRCA: The Source is registering unusual activity. It seems that the enemy fleet is taking up new positions.
SHAYLA: They do conduct military exercises from time to time. But this does look different. They aren't in war games with each other. They are massing as if to attack us.
JANNEUS: Their ships will be destroyed. The Source will obliterate them if they come any closer than their present positions. Kwundaar knows that.
HYRCA: He seems to have forgotten. The war fleet will enter the outer reaches of the Union in two minutes unless it changes course.
JANNEUS: There is no threat to us. Not with the Source operating.
HYRCA: The Source *is* operating.
JANNEUS: Then there is no threat.

NYSSA: Doctor, there's hardly anything here. Apart from the Source itself, of course. Kwundaar must have been wrong.
DOCTOR: He's omniscient.
NYSSA: Then perhaps he was lying.
DOCTOR: No, he wanted me here.
NYSSA: That is the perfect reason we should be in the Tardis, getting as far from this place as possible.
DOCTOR: Two minutes more then we go, I promise.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, don't you want to know what's going on? Kwundaar is plotting something, something to do with this, so. What do you know about the Source?
NYSSA: Only that this is an avatar, a mere representation of the true Source, the sentient sun that shines down upon the whole Union.
DOCTOR: It has intelligence? I wonder if that's it. Kwundaar might be trying to control its mind.
NYSSA: It doesn't have a mind as such. It's a complex organising system, like a computer.
DOCTOR: Only using light instead of silicon chips, and channelling an almost infinite amount of energy. Before, you said something about this being, what did you call it? Primeval time?

NYSSA: In this era, there is no Keeper.
DOCTOR: So the Source looks after itself. There's no human intervention at all, which is why there's no Source manipulator and no one ever comes down here to do maintenance work.
NYSSA: Why would they? The Source is infallible. Any breakdown is instantly repaired. No one intent on sabotage would get within a billion miles of here.
DOCTOR: Whatever Kwundaar wants is in there. It's got to be in the Source itself.
NYSSA: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: Kwundaar knew the combination. Two four five six eight zero. He can't hope to sabotage the Source. As you say, it would just repair itself. Come in, Nyssa. It's perfectly safe. It's the definition of perfectly safe.

NYSSA: It's vast in here.
DOCTOR: Bigger on the inside, to coin a phrase. All that light, all that movement, perfectly choreographed. Information moving in formation.
NYSSA: It's beautiful.
DOCTOR: If you like that sort of thing. There's nothing here I can hand to Kwundaar. Those were his words. Bring it to me. Hand it to me by dawn tomorrow and Nyssa will live.
NYSSA: Doctor, I'm sorry you won't find out what he was after, but we really must go before we're caught.

DOCTOR: How disappointing. Anyway, you're right. Time to close all this up and lock it again. Two five seven eight nine zero. There you go.
NYSSA: That wasn't the combination.
DOCTOR: No, the protective shield was on minimum. I boosted it, made it harder for Kwundaar to get in, to be on the safe side. I'm missing something here, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Let's just get back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Not that way. There's no need to swim back. We just open this door from the inside then leave through the grove.
NYSSA: But I'm wearing a
DOCTOR: It's dark out there. There won't be anyone around.
(Kwundaar laughs.)

NARTHEX: Alpha section, your response times are still too slow. Run the exercise again.
ANONA: Fire control, the targeting systems are only operating at seventy percent efficiency.
NARTHEX: Move it, people! I ordered this control deck sealed. My Lord. Greatest Leader. I didn't realise. To what do we owe the honour of your presence?
KWUNDAAR: The time is here.
NARTHEX: The Doctor has done his work?
KWUNDAAR: He has. Tell your soldiers to take their positions for a full-scale planetary assault. Ready the transmats. The order is given to all commanders. Set course for Traken, maximum speed.
NARTHEX: But the Source
KWUNDAAR: You question me?
NARTHEX: No, my Lord. I'm merely hesitating for a moment before I leap off the cliff. (comms) This is Narthex. Launch the attack. Best speed to Traken. No quarter asked, none to be given.
(Kwundaar laughs.)

DOCTOR: It's this way, I think.
NYSSA: I'm cold.
DOCTOR: It's not like you to complain, and no one you know can see you, can they?
SABIAN: Doctor? Nyssa, is that you?
DOCTOR: Sabian?
NYSSA: Sabian.
SABIAN: But you left. We saw you.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes, well, I can explain. The reason is
NYSSA: Someone else is coming.
DOCTOR: That's right. The reason is, someone else is coming, and. I'm sorry, Nyssa?
ETRAYK: Who goes there? Friend or foe?
DOCTOR: It's hardly likely to be a foe, is it, Foster.

ETRAYK: You tell me, Doctor. What are the three of you doing here? Why is the young lady dressed like that?
NYSSA: I've just been for a swim, Foster. Is that a crime?
(Boom)
SABIAN: What was that?
DOCTOR: Sounded like shelling.
ETRAYK: Shelling?
DOCTOR: Bombardment. You must have heard the word, you're Captain of the Guard.
NYSSA: Traken is under attack!
ETRAYK: I'm not finished with you. Where are you going?
DOCTOR: We're getting under cover, Foster Etrayk. I suggest you do the same.
ETRAYK: I have to sound the alarm. You, you stay here.

(Running.)
ETRAYK: Wait. What's going on? I. Friend or foe?
ANONA: Take a wild guess. You know where the Consul chamber is?
ETRAYK: Yes, but
ANONA: Lead us there.

DOCTOR: Stay under cover. They're trying to get to the Source.
SABIAN: We have to do something.
(Whoosh, boom!)
DOCTOR: There goes the spaceport. We have to get back to the Source, barricade the vault.
NYSSA: How?
DOCTOR: First things first. Wait, I can hear voices. Listen.

(Marching feet stamp to a halt.)
SOLDIER: We have secured this whole sector, Captain Narthex, including the entrance to the vault.
NARTHEX: Good work. Who do you serve, men?
SOLDIERS: Kwundaar!
NARTHEX: Who has won the day?
SOLDIERS: Kwundaar! Kwundaar!
NARTHEX: And whose rule shall last for ever?
SOLDIERS: Kwundaar! Kwundaar! Kwundaar!

(Shouting continues in distance.)
DOCTOR: This really doesn't sound promising. I knew it was our friend Kwundaar behind this, but it doesn't explain how.
SABIAN: Why isn't the Source destroying them?
NYSSA: Why is it so dark?
DOCTOR: It's always darkest before dawn.
NYSSA: Nonsense. It's darkest at the midpoint of the night. It grows progressively lighter from then.
DOCTOR: A figure of speech, but you're right. The sun should be coming up by now. Er, remind me which way is east?
SABIAN: East?
DOCTOR: The direction the sun rises from. Please, can someone just give me the answer?
NYSSA: Behind you. Doctor!
DOCTOR: I see it.
SABIAN: The sun is
NYSSA: The sun is black.
DOCTOR: I don't understand what's happening.
NYSSA: I know.
DOCTOR: What?
NYSSA: *You* did it. Kwundaar tricked you. You boosted the shielding around the Source.
DOCTOR: But instead of stopping Kwundaar from getting in, it's preventing the light of the Source from getting out. And without that light there's nothing to stop Kwundaar invading. And if he gets control of the Source

NYSSA: You've handed him the ultimate power of the universe.
DOCTOR: Yes, I rather fear I have.
SOLDIERS: Kwundaar! Kwundaar! Kwundaar! (etc.)

[Part Four]

(Chanting heard faintly.)
HYRCA: All is lost. Without the Source there is nothing we can do to defend against these invaders.
JANNEUS: (panicking) The spaceport has been destroyed. They've occupied the communication centres, blocked the main thoroughfares.
(Running.)
HYRCA: Shayla, this is the Consul chamber. There is to be no running in this area.
SHAYLA: There are soldiers materialising all over the planet. Foster Etrayk and I barely managed to avoid them. Barricade the doors. We must protect the Consul chamber.
ETRAYK: We shall fight to the death.
HYRCA: To the death? Surely it needn't come to that. We, we could split up, protect ourselves, and regroup later.
ETRAYK: Sir, the strength of the Union is our, well, our unity. If we lose that, what do we have?
SHAYLA: If it is obvious to this humble Foster, then it shouldn't be difficult for a Consul, Hyrca. We must remain together, and must find a way to restore the source. The moment we do that, it will destroy all the invaders.
JANNEUS: Yes, Shayla is right. Everyone with evil in their heart will burn in the light of the Source. We must enter the vault and attempt to restore the Source. We must enter the vault and attempt to restore the Source. Consul Hyrca, are you listening?
HYRCA: They aren't trying to get in. Surely they could blast their way through these doors if they were minded to?
JANNEUS: They aren't chanting. I don't like this.
(Transmat.)
NARTHEX: Consuls of Traken, I am Narthex, the Chief of Staff of the armies of Kwundaar. Now kneel before your living god.
ETRAYK: Stay where you are. Drop your weapon.
KWUNDAAR: You dare to give me an order? Give me that order again. Tell me to my face.
(Etrayk screams, then keeps gibbering under the dialogue.)
NARTHEX: Now the forces of the Greatest Leader have total control of the Union. You're beaten, Consul. I don't care whether you admit it or not. And now, where were we? Ah, Shayla. I'm glad you're safely back. Is the Doctor here? How is his sick friend?
SHAYLA: The Doctor has left Traken. Nyssa lives.
KWUNDAAR: For the moment. They're here, Narthex. I can hear the Doctor's devious Time Lord mind. They're close to the vault containing the Source, plotting to defeat me.
ANONA: Sir, Greatest Leader.
NARTHEX: Secure this chamber, Lieutenant. (comms) All units in the vicinity of the Consul building, be on full alert. A Gallifreyan spy is organising resistance against our occupation. He is known as the Doctor, and there will be a reward for the man who captures him and brings him to the Consul chamber alive.
KWUNDAAR: No, he is to be shot on sight. The Doctor is the only possible threat to our operations.
NARTHEX: My Lord, you said that you wanted to kill him yourself.
KWUNDAAR: Yes, yes. You've done well. I shall watch him die. Now, Consuls, you will open the vault for us.
JANNEUS: A true Consul of Traken would rather die than (energy weapon) argh!
NARTHEX: Lord Kwundaar teaches that one should always get what one wants. Would you like me to prove that you're a true Consul? I'm happy to. It would also prove I'll kill anyone who disobeys orders. Right, everybody happy? Good. Now, are you going to open the vault?
HYRCA: Here, I'll let you in.

NYSSA: I can't hear fighting.
SABIAN: Maybe we are the only people left to shoot. There are so many soldiers around.
DOCTOR: We don't know their numbers.

SABIAN: To invade an entire planet would require
DOCTOR: It requires careful planning and a very clear set of priorities. They're concentrating their resources on the Consul building. Ultimately all they need to do is secure the Source.
NYSSA: Surely Kwundaar has that already.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar might have physical access, but he doesn't have control of the Source, not yet. At least, not complete control. If the Source was working normally, Kwundaar's men and their ships would have been disintegrated.
NYSSA: And the sun wouldn't be black.
DOCTOR: Well, that too. But if Kwundaar *had* control of it, then he'd have used it to wipe us out. It means we have some time to reach the Source before Kwundaar takes full control. We have to get back to the vault.
SABIAN: There are two entrances. One in the Consul chamber, one in the grove.
DOCTOR: There's a third.
NYSSA: More swimming? At least I'm dressed for it.
DOCTOR: Are you still complaining about that? I did lend you my coat.
NYSSA: I'm very grateful.
SABIAN: Can someone explain?
NYSSA: It's possible to reach the vault from the spa, if you can swim.
DOCTOR: I think we should split up. I'll swim for it. You two get to the grove entrance before Kwundaar's men realise it's there.
SABIAN: What do we do when we're there?
NYSSA: It's okay, Sabian. I've sabotaged the Source before.
SABIAN: You have?
DOCTOR: All we have to do is lower the protective screen around the Source. Do that, the Source will do the rest.
NYSSA: Doctor, it makes more sense for me to swim for it, so you and Sabian should head for the grove.
DOCTOR: All right. Good luck. Come on, Sabian.

KWUNDAAR: You placed the Source here. Here, of all the places you could have?
HYRCA: Well, yes. Why would we not? This vault leads direct to the Consul chamber.
KWUNDAAR: You don't know the significance of this place. Janneus does. Be sure to ask her.
HYRCA: This vault is simply where the Source is housed. Wait, the protective screen is blocking the light.
KWUNDAAR: We wouldn't be here if it wasn't. Kill him, Narthex.
HYRCA: No! Wait!
KWUNDAAR: Yes. He's loyal, Narthex. His fear will keep him loyal.
HYRCA: I don't want to die.
KWUNDAAR: Then kneel before me.
HYRCA: Like this?
KWUNDAAR: (chuckles) Yes.
NARTHEX: Sir, now we've secured this vault, what are our objectives?
KWUNDAAR: There's a piece of equipment in my chamber on the flagship. It is to be brought here, under guard. This chamber must be completely secured.
NARTHEX: I'll establish a security cordon and post sentries at the door to this vault. They'll kill anyone who even comes close.
KWUNDAAR: There are two more ways in. That door leads to a nearby grove. There's also access via a nearby temple.
HYRCA: A temple? But we don't have any gods.
KWUNDAAR: You do, Consul Hyrca.
HYRCA: I mean, we didn't. We've not had time to build any temples. We will, I'm sure of it.
KWUNDAAR: It has been converted into a mere bathhouse. Sent Lieutenant Anona there. The Doctor and his companions have divided their forces, and are planning a two-pronged attack. Narthex, you are to bring the Doctor to me. Order your men to kill his companions and anyone else with him.
NARTHEX: Sir.
KWUNDAAR: Now both of you, leave me.

ANONA: You. Help me pull down this tapestry. It might fetch something, I suppose.
SHAYLA: You people are without law.

(Tearing of fabric.)
ANONA: On the contrary, Shayla, We follow the law of Kwundaar himself. The purest law in the universe. Impose your will on others, lest they impose theirs on you.
JANNEUS: You are barbarians. For a hundred generations the Union of Traken has been a beacon of peace and enlightenment. Every world holds Traken up as a model of civilisation.
ANONA: And it fell in twenty minutes. Think about that, Consul. You've lost.
JANNEUS: You heard your leader. The Doctor is out there somewhere, and he's on our side. He defeated you before, he'll do it again.
(Door opens.)
ANONA: Captain Narthex.
JANNEUS: Hyrca, are you all right?
(Door closes.)
HYRCA: I'm unharmed, Janneus. I think we can reason with this Kwundaar. I think we can come to an accommodation. He says you know something, Can you think what that might be?
NARTHEX: Anona, what's our status?
ANONA: We have complete control of the planet, sir. All praise Kwundaar. The men want to know
NARTHEX: They want to know what they can loot?
ANONA: Sir.
NARTHEX: Standard spoils of war, Lieutenant. They can take what they like.
ANONA: Sir, what about the population?
SHAYLA: Please show mercy, Captain. You said it yourself, you've won.
NARTHEX: Very well. Lieutenant, the people aren't to be mistreated. Just process them, then hold them. The Slaver's Guild has been informed. Their carriers will be here in a few days. Tell the men the less people they shoot, the more revenue there will be for them to share out.
ANONA: Sir.
NARTHEX: Make sure these three are kept here under guard. We may need them handy. Have the Doctor and his collaborators been located?
ANONA: No, sir.
NARTHEX: That's our priority. They've split up. I need you to go after the girl Nyssa.
ANONA: Shoot to kill?
NARTHEX: If you must.

SABIAN: The streets are empty.
DOCTOR: Yes. Looks like we've got a clear run to the grove. Come on.
SABIAN: Wait.
(Transmat. Boots on gravel.)
SABIAN: Do you recognise that machine they're carrying?
DOCTOR: I do, actually. They'll be heading straight to the Consul chamber with it, and it's rather important that they don't get there. If we get separated, try to catch up with it and input the following sequence. One seven five three nine. Got that?
SABIAN: One seven five three nine. Should we try to stop them, or carry on to the grove?
DOCTOR: The grove. It'll be unguarded. Let's deal with this problem at the source, so to speak.
NARTHEX: There you are.
DOCTOR: Ah, Captain Narthex. Fancy meeting you here. It's a lovely evening, isn't it? The sun's a little black, but other than that.
(Energy weapon, thud.)
SABIAN: Doctor!
NARTHEX: Relax, it was a stun bolt. (click) It's set to kill now, though.
SABIAN: Don't!
NARTHEX: Not to worry, lad. I'm hardly likely to, am I?
SABIAN: You aren't?
NARTHEX: No. Because I've got to get the Doctor to the Consul chamber, and *I'm* not carrying him.

ANONA: Units in the vicinity of the spa building, this is Anona. I have located the Doctor. Wait, not the Doctor. It's some girl wearing the same coat. She's entering the building. She's not seen me. I'm going in. I want backup.

ANONA: Stand still.
NYSSA: Ah. Hello.
ANONA: Where's the Doctor?
NYSSA: I don't know a doctor. I'm Nyssa.
ANONA: That is the Doctor's Tardis, and you were wearing his coat when you entered this building. Now, tell me.
NYSSA: Oh, er, yes. He's down there.
ANONA: What?
NYSSA: There's a pipe. It leads to the Source vault. He's just gone in. Here, take a look. Don't worry, the water's lovely and warm.
ANONA: Don't move.
NYSSA: I wasn't going to. Look, you've got all that armour and that gun. It's not as though I can conceal a weapon in this. I'm barely concealing myself. If I tried something, how long would I last?
ANONA: Take three steps back.
NYSSA: If you don't hurry, you'll miss him.
ANONA: Right, I'm coming in. Don't try anything. (splash) Ah!
NYSSA: I'll take that. The water is still imbued with energy from the Source. It must be like acid for you.
ANONA: It hurts!
NYSSA: Does this have a stun setting? Don't try anything! Tell me how to stun you, or I'll shoot to kill.
ANONA: You wouldn't.
(Energy beam hits stone.)
ANONA: The green switch.
(Energy beam.)
NYSSA: Ah yes. Good. Now for Kwundaar.

(The Doctor groans.)
SHAYLA: It was a stun blast. You may feel groggy for a while.
DOCTOR: Believe me, I know what being knocked out feels like. I should write a paper on the subject. We're in the Consul chamber. Oh, hello, Consul Janneus, Consul Hyrca. You've got matching chains.
HYRCA: You've brought devastation to Traken.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes, fair comment. Hopefully I can take it away again. Where's Kwundaar?
JANNEUS: He's in the vault, connecting up some sort of device to
DOCTOR: It's the Source manipulator. I saw his men bring it down from his ship. It does what it says it does, allows him manual control of the Source.
SHAYLA: How long would it take to connect up?
DOCTOR: Not long. Say, twenty minutes. How long was I unconscious?
SHAYLA: Twenty minutes.
DOCTOR: Ah. We may still win this. Sabian could have got away and he knows how to
SABIAN: Sorry, Doctor. I didn't get away.
DOCTOR: Ah. I didn't see you there.
NARTHEX: Be quiet, you lot.
DOCTOR: There's always Nyssa.
NARTHEX: What did you just say?
DOCTOR: Nothing.
NARTHEX: You said something about Nyssa, your ill friend. Where is she?
DOCTOR: She er phoned in sick.
NARTHEX: (comms) Anona, come in. Anona, come in, please.
ANONA: I'm here, sir.
NARTHEX: Lieutenant. Glad you could make it. Where's the girl?
ANONA: She overpowered me, sir.
SABIAN: You should train your soldiers better, Captain Narthex.
NARTHEX: I've been saying the same thing myself. We'll discuss your punishment later,

Lieutenant. I have to protect Lord Kwundaar.
ANONA: Sir.
DOCTOR: Oh, no.

KWUNDAAR: Bwahahahahahahaha.
NARTHEX: Greatest Leader, the girl
KWUNDAAR: Nyssa is on her way to kill me. She's overpowered Anona and taken her plasma rifle. Yes, Narthex, that is what you were about to say.
NARTHEX: You are the All-Seeing One.
KWUNDAAR: Yes. She's almost here.
(Faint words, a stone scrapes. Splash. Wet footsteps.)
NYSSA: Get away from the console.
KWUNDAAR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: You, you know me?
KWUNDAAR: Don't you know me? I've been with you for so long, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Since that first time I fainted.
KWUNDAAR: How long ago was that? Sometimes it seems like decades, so much has happened to you since you last set foot on Traken soil. But I was with you long before that. You know that, don't you? You can feel me in your mitochondria.
NYSSA: The cells of my body.
KWUNDAAR: Mmm. I've been with you a very long time, Nyssa. Since your first ancestors.
NARTHEX: Put that gun down, Miss.
NYSSA: Stay away or I'll shoot.
(Bits of metal fall.)
KWUNDAAR: No. My powers are increasing. I can take you apart with my mind like I took apart that gun. But I don't want to. I want you to serve me. I only want you to serve me again.
NYSSA: I, I serve the will of the Kwundaar.
NYSSA + KWUNDAAR: The Guiding Hand. I am the Lantern, he is the Light.
NARTHEX: What's happening to her?
KWUNDAAR: She is returning to the fold.

DOCTOR: How many guards, Sabian?
SABIAN: Two. That female Lieutenant, another on the main door.
SHAYLA: There are many more of them outside.
DOCTOR: If we were free
HYRCA: We are not free, though, are we. The situation is hopeless. Perhaps we can negotiate with Kwundaar.
JANNEUS: To negotiate, Consul Hyrca, you have to have something the other person wants. And if Kwundaar has the Source, what else would he ever need?
HYRCA: Miss Anona, if I might ask, why do you think Kwundaar's doing this?
ANONA: Ours is not to reason why. We serve his Great Purpose.
DOCTOR: It's a fair question, don't you think?
SABIAN: Why take control of the Source? Because it's one of the most powerful machines in the galaxy. In Kwundaar's hands it will become the ultimate weapon.
ANONA: That's as good an answer as any.
SHAYLA: It could be so much more than a mere weapon.
DOCTOR: Yes, but even so, with all his knowledge I'm sure he could have built a Source of his own. I'm sure I could, given a century or two and I'm not omniscient. How long has he been waiting for this moment? Any idea, Anona?
ANONA: This is the culmination of two thousand five hundred and thirty two years worth of preparations.
DOCTOR: How do you know that?
ANONA: So it is written in the sacred Ship's Logs. Generations of crewmen have come and gone, the preparations continued. Today they reach their culmination.
DOCTOR: You've not done the maths, have you. Not spotted the coincidence.

NYSSA + KWUNDAAR: The power circuits have been connected. The energy grid is charged. The Source is reconfiguring to manual control. One hundred and twenty seconds to completion.

KWUNDAAR: Ah, but the Doctor has worked it out.
NYSSA: The Doctor is here?
NARTHEX: He's upstairs in the Consul chamber.
KWUNDAAR: Bring him here. He must witness my triumph.
NARTHEX: But he might interfere with the process.
KWUNDAAR: Nothing the Doctor can do can stop me now. If there was, I would know.
NARTHEX: How would you know? Oh, of course. Forgive me.

DOCTOR: We don't have much time. How long has the Source been around? Shayla? Hyrca?
SHAYLA: I don't know.
HYRCA: A long time.
JANNEUS: Hyrca, you old fool. You've forgotten the ritual. The light of the Source has shone down on Traken for a hundred generations.
HYRCA: I remember when I was a boy, it was only ninety eight.
JANNEUS: Uncanny.
DOCTOR: So, what's a hundred generations? About two thousand five hundred years?
(Door opens.)
NARTHEX: Two thousand five hundred and thirty two years.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: So Kwundaar's been skulking on the edge of the Union from the exact time the Source was activated. Quite a coincidence.
JANNEUS: There really is no need to pursue this line of enquiry.
SHAYLA: What has he been doing all this time?
DOCTOR: You're asking the wrong question, Shayla. The question is, what was he doing the day before?
NARTHEX: There aren't any questions. Not any more. Kwundaar has control of the Source. He wants you to join him, Doctor.
ANONA: Narthex, if this is the culmination of Kwundaar's Grand Design, then
NARTHEX: You want to be there, Anona. Why not.
DOCTOR: I want Shayla there. I want her to check Nyssa's condition.
NARTHEX: Look, this is getting ridiculous. Yes, all right. Wipe that smile off your face, Doctor. There's nothing you can do. Kwundaar's already won. Come on, move it.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
(Door closes.)
NYSSA: Doctor, I tried to stop him.
DOCTOR: It's all right. We'll find a way.
SHAYLA: Are you all right?
NYSSA: My illness has passed.
KWUNDAAR: It served its purpose.
SHAYLA: Doctor, what is he? I remember him, but I couldn't possibly have met him before.
DOCTOR: It's a race memory.
SHAYLA: A race memory? How?
DOCTOR: You fought the Trakenites, didn't you, Kwundaar? Invaded centuries ago. Twenty five centuries, to be precise. It's why they built the Source as a weapon against you.
KWUNDAAR: No.
DOCTOR: No?
KWUNDAAR; I am their god. When the first sons and daughters of Traken walked among the groves and forests, I was there. I was the god of wisdom and learning. My temples were libraries. I lived among them.
SHAYLA: We would never have worshipped something so, so foul.
KWUNDAAR: I was a benevolent leader. You don't believe me, but I was. Your ancestors worshipped me with open and joyful hearts.
NARTHEX: But they betrayed you.
KWUNDAAR: Everyone betrays me, Narthex. Everyone. That is my curse. I gave them knowledge. I taught them the language of science, the mother tongue of the universe. I gave them control of their environment. They built paradise, but it was my hand that guided the architects and the masons.
SHAYLA: Are you claiming that *you* built the Source?

KWUNDAAR: The ultimate expression of science.
DOCTOR: And when you have that, there's no need for a god. They replaced faith with reason and then they kicked you out.
KWUNDAAR: Do not mock me! Don't you dare mock me! These ungrateful children used the great power of the Source to drive me from their paradise, twisted my form into this.
DOCTOR: And then they put the Source in the chamber that had been your inner sanctum.
NYSSA: And converted your temple into a healing spa.
KWUNDAAR: And now I have returned, and the Source will be mine.
DOCTOR: It isn't yet.
(Kwundaar laughs.)
NYSSA: The Source has been corrupted.
KWUNDAAR: It has been restored, and it is under my control. I can feel its light on my face. Narthex, I must enter the Source to complete the process.
NARTHEX: Sir, but the Doctor
KWUNDAAR: The Doctor does not matter. Only I matter now. Kill them.

JANNEUS: I must alert the citizens of Traken, and I must start with you, Hyrca, old friend. The senior Consul is trusted with knowledge that would tear the Union apart.
HYRCA: If we are to have any chance of defeating Kwundaar, they must be united.
JANNEUS: There is no chance. We have nothing to lose because we have already lost everything.
SABIAN: What are you hiding? Is it something to do with what the Doctor was saying?
JANNEUS: Sabian, the senior Consuls have passed down a terrible secret for many generations, and kept it from all the records, even the Source itself.
HYRCA: Something to do with Kwundaar?
SABIAN: You've had contact with Kwundaar? Had some sort of pact that he's broken?
JANNEUS: No. Whatever made you think that?
SABIAN: People talk, Consul.
HYRCA: You shouldn't listen to gossip.
JANNEUS: In the absence of the facts, people are bound to. Sabian, before the Source, the Consuls of Traken were the High Priests to a dark god. The god of forbidden knowledge, the bringer of fire and the secrets of the universe.
SABIAN: We worshipped gods?
JANNEUS: A god. A living god.
SABIAN: A living god? But that's what his followers call. Oh.
JANNEUS: Kwundaar inspired the creation of the Source. Once that was ready, our spiritual ancestors, the Priest Consuls, plotted against him, hiding their treachery using the light of the Source, and Kwundaar was driven out. Now he has returned to take his birthright. We have kept restricted knowledge of Kwundaar. We did not wish to cause dissent.
SABIAN: You mean you didn't want to tell people your power was based on betrayal. You didn't want people to question your authority.
JANNEUS: You see? Dissent. Imagine if everyone in the Union said such things. There would be no Union.
(Loud humming.)
SABIAN: That doesn't sound good.
HYRCA: Perhaps it is, for the new order.

NARTHEX: You heard Lord Kwundaar, Lieutenant. I assume you can manage to kill them, now they're all chained up?
NYSSA: Charming.
SHAYLA: Doctor, what can we do?
ANONA: Nothing.
DOCTOR: Anona, it's not too late.
NARTHEX: Still think you could stop him, Doctor? A little late for that.
DOCTOR: We can use the Source manipulator to lock the Source in its current settings, Anona. If I do that, then Kwundaar couldn't possibly take control.
ANONA: You could do that?
DOCTOR: Yes. All I have to do is type in a number. You'll be free, Anona. Free me and I'll free you. I can stop Kwundaar.
ANONA: Then you must die.

(Energy weapon. Anona cries out.)
ANONA: Narthex, why?
NARTHEX: Here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Narthex.
NARTHEX: You have to stop him. I knew that you could. That's why I opened the hatch.
DOCTOR: The hatch?
NARTHEX: Back on the ship. I let you escape. You didn't think you'd guessed the code, did you? There were fourteen trillion possible combinations.
DOCTOR: Ah, I see. You've been my guardian angel. Then, thank you.
NARTHEX: Kwundaar can't be allowed to. I've got daughters, Doctor. At the very least you have to promise me you'll protect them.
DOCTOR: I give you my word. Now we need to be quick. Shayla, see if you can save Anona.
NYSSA: Save her life? She was going to kill you.
DOCTOR: She doesn't know any better.
ANONA: (weak) I still know my duty.
SHAYLA: Pardon?
ANONA: For Kwundaar.
(Energy weapon.)
SHAYLA: She's dead.
NYSSA: And she's destroyed the manipulator.
NARTHEX: But without that
NYSSA: Without it, we can't stop Kwundaar.

HYRCA: If it is inevitable that Kwundaar is our new ruler, we Consuls should make the transition of power as painless as possible.
SABIAN: You would hand Traken to the barbarians?
HYRCA: Traken has fallen, young Sabian. We have a duty to protect our citizens.
JANNEUS: We cannot change what has passed. We did Kwundaar a great wrong. In many ways, his desire for revenge is natural enough.
HYRCA: I'm sure all that talk of Slaver ships was to scare us.
SABIAN: Slaver ships? Consuls, we have long known Kwundaar as a being of great evil.
HYRCA: Perhaps the Doctor was right. Perhaps evil is relative. The legends say Kwundaar was a great teacher. We might have much to learn from him.
SABIAN: And all those stories about him attacking supply ships, murdering pilots, brainwashing his followers, were they lies too?
JANNEUS: No, but Kwundaar is a god, so perhaps we shouldn't judge him by the standards of mortal law.
HYRCA: Yes. Kwundaar knows best.

DOCTOR: It's not as bad as I thought.
NYSSA: She's destroyed the whole control panel.
DOCTOR: But only the control panel, not the mechanism inside. We can wire in a new keypad. Quick, there must be a storeroom nearby with spare parts. Where? Come on.
SHAYLA: I'm thinking.
NARTHEX: There's a keypad on this door to the Consul chamber. Could we disconnect that and use it?
NYSSA: Yes.
NARTHEX: I'll try and get it off.
SHAYLA: It's too late, isn't it?
DOCTOR: It's never too late, Shayla. But at the moment we're cutting it a bit fine.
NYSSA: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: Entering the Source. I'll establish a mental link with the Source, delay Kwundaar from taking total control. As soon as I have the advantage, enter the lock-down sequence.
SHAYLA: But Kwundaar's too powerful. He'll kill you.
DOCTOR: I'll delay him. Nyssa, remember this sequence. It's very important. One seven five three nine. Repeat what I just said.
NYSSA: One seven five three nine.

DOCTOR: Good girl. I'll probably only have control for a moment. Enter the code and it'll be locked in place. I'm going in.

KWUNDAAR: Bwahahahahahaha! The Source is mine!
DOCTOR: Not quite yet it isn't.
KWUNDAAR: Ah, Doctor. So Narthex betrayed me.
DOCTOR: You knew he would?
KWUNDAAR: Yes. And I still allowed it to happen. Do you know why?
DOCTOR: Because you're going to kill everyone anyway. Won't you get awfully lonely?
KWUNDAAR: No. The Source will be a beacon. There are immortals out there, Doctor, true immortals. Not just like you, who die and rise again. Exiled gods. I've already summoned them back to our universe.
DOCTOR: I've met some of them. I was probably the one who exiled them in the first place.
KWUNDAAR: They will serve me, and we will reshape the universe in my image.
DOCTOR: Poor universe, that's all I can say. The Source isn't yours yet. I can fight you. I challenge you, Kwundaar. Your will against mine. I can take control of the Source, make it pure again.
KWUNDAAR: A duel of minds? Very well. You are prepared?
DOCTOR: Yes. I can defeat argh.
KWUNDAAR: It is over. I have total control.
DOCTOR: No.
KWUNDAAR: I have won.
DOCTOR: No. I can stop you. I must.
KWUNDAAR: Darkness. It fills me. I become the light, it becomes me. And so darkness falls. But I see the universe, all of Time and Space, and the whole universe will kneel before me in worship.
DOCTOR: I will never kneel
KWUNDAAR: Then die!
DOCTOR: No. Noooooooooo!

SHAYLA: The Source is changing.
NYSSA: We've wired in the replacement keypad. As soon as the Doctor has control, we enter the sequence.
SHAYLA: I don't think it's the Doctor taking control.
NARTHEX: The Doctor's failed. Look, I can end this for you. One shot, back of the head. I'll make it quick. It's better than serving him, believe me.
NYSSA: The Doctor *will* defeat him.
KWUNDAAR: O ye of little faith. I'm afraid the Doctor is dead.
NYSSA: Narthex, there's still time. He's struggling to keep control. Don't let him enter the sequence.
(Energy weapon.)
NYSSA: Not Kwundaar! Aim for the Source manipulator!
KWUNDAAR: Too late!
(Narthex cries out.)
KWUNDAAR: No. What was that? A sequence? I see. I can use the manipulator. Of course. The Doctor was a fearsome intellect, but he fell like all who oppose me will fall.
NYSSA: I'll fight you. You boosted my psychic abilities, remember? Well, I can use them against you.
KWUNDAAR: No, I removed them.
(Nyssa cries out.)
KWUNDAAR: What is the lock-down sequence? Two four six. You're trying to trick me. I'm your god, Nyssa of Traken. I see everything. There. One seven five three nine. Yes! The power of the Source, mine now and forever.
NYSSA: I'll fight you.
KWUNDAAR: Will you? Little Nyssa, how long do you think that fight will last? Remember, you can't lie to me.
NARTHEX: Others will fight you.
KWUNDAAR: Ah, Narthex. You betrayed me. What punishment can there be for the man who defies his god? An eternity of pain.
(Narthex cries out.)

DOCTOR: Pick on someone your own size, Kwundaar.
NARTHEX: Doctor.
KWUNDAAR: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I think Keeper, under the circumstances, don't you? Forgive me if I don't stand up. I've just got comfortable in this chair.
KWUNDAAR: No! I entered the code. I have control of the Source.
DOCTOR: I let you think that, yes.
KWUNDAAR: You tricked me. You tricked me!
DOCTOR: Yes, you read Nyssa's mind, but the code I gave her wasn't the right one. It transferred power to whoever was inside the Source. Me.
KWUNDAAR: I can feel the Source at my back. I command it.
DOCTOR: Or perhaps that's just what I want you to think.
KWUNDAAR: No!
DOCTOR: Would you be able to tell the difference? Well? You tell me.
KWUNDAAR: I will destroy you. Gaze into the face of Kwundaar!
DOCTOR: You look worried. Do I?
KWUNDAAR: No, this is impossible.
DOCTOR: Look me in the eye, Kwundaar.
KWUNDAAR: (scared) No. No, I can't. I
DOCTOR: Look me in the eye!
KWUNDAAR: No!
DOCTOR: There. Time to restore the Source to its former glory. Nyssa, would you do the honours with the protective shield?
NYSSA: With pleasure.
DOCTOR: Kwundaar, do you have any idea what happens when an irresistible force meets an omniscient mind? Well, if you're really omniscient, of course you do. I do believe it goes something like this.
(Kwundaar makes nasty gurgling sounds.)

JANNEUS: The Source is reactivating! Kwundaar must have control.
HYRCA: No! Merciful Kwundaar, forgive us.
SABIAN: The guards! The guards are dying!
HYRCA: Kwundaar is killing his followers? I renounce Kwundaar. I renounce. No, no, wait. Kwundaar, I bow to your mercy. I prostrate myself.
SABIAN: You're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't, Hyrca.
JANNEUS: We must go to the vault and pay homage.
SABIAN: You're fools. I'm getting out of here.
HYRCA: There's nowhere to run to. Come on, Janneus. We don't have much time.

(Kwundaar is still gurgling.)
DOCTOR: You can leave, Kwundaar. Return to your flagship and go.
KWUNDAAR: Never. I will never (incoherent gurgling as far as I'm concerned.)
NARTHEX: Yes, I do. Simia, I love you. I love you so much. Forgive me. Forgive me.
DOCTOR: No need to worry. You're a good man, Narthex. Your daughters are safe. Kwundaar has been destroyed.
NARTHEX: Thank you.
DOCTOR: You're safe.
NYSSA: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: The strain of keeping the Source together is more than I was expecting.
NYSSA: I'll enter the lock-down sequence.
DOCTOR: And keep me bonded with the Source forever? I'd rather you didn't.
NYSSA: Then
DOCTOR: Shayla?
SHAYLA: What?
DOCTOR: Someone needs to restore what has been shattered today.
SHAYLA: I suppose that I could make a start on that, if I was controller of the Source.
DOCTOR: Keeper is a better word, I think. A guiding intelligence. Someone who uses its great power to bring the Union back together.
SHAYLA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Here, take a seat.

(Door opens. Running feet.)
HYRCA: Merciful Kwundaar, I throw myself on your infinite mercy.
JANNEUS: We *will* serve you, we *will*. Where is Kwundaar?
DOCTOR: Gone.
HYRCA: Then. Doctor, I only meant to serve my people.
SHAYLA: The Source has made its judgement on you, Hyrca. It feels that restoring the Union is more important than retribution.
SABIAN: What's happened to you, Shayla?
SHAYLA: I see it. The light. Doctor, it's beautiful.
SABIAN: What's going on?
NYSSA: Shayla just became the first Keeper of Traken.
DOCTOR: Well, I don't want to blow my own trumpet, but technically she's the second.
NYSSA: Does it matter?
DOCTOR: Not in the slightest. Now, shall we go outside? Dawn should be breaking.

(Happy people sounds.)
DOCTOR: Not joining in the celebrations, Narthex?
NARTHEX: I don't belong here.
DOCTOR: A lot of your men have done, though.
NARTHEX: Hundreds of them survived, possibly thousands.
DOCTOR: There's good in everyone.
NARTHEX: I thought I was a goner.
DOCTOR: I thought I was, to be honest. We've all done things we've regretted. We all contain the capacity for great good and great evil.
(The tinny Charleston music starts up.)
NARTHEX: Then why did the Source choose me?
DOCTOR: I don't know. It moves in mysterious ways, clearly.
NARTHEX: Would it be possible for me to stay here, perhaps send for my daughters?
DOCTOR: That's really not up to me. I'll certainly put in a good word for you with the Keeper.
NARTHEX: Thank you, Doctor. I er, I think I'll see how the others are getting on.
DOCTOR: My pleasure.
(Footsteps.)
NYSSA: Here you are.
DOCTOR: I was just about to get going. Nyssa, if you want to stay behind, I'd understand.
NYSSA: Traken is my past.
DOCTOR: But you've made good friends here. With Kwundaar gone, you're completely cured. And you'll be safe here. Traken will be safe for many thousands of years.
NYSSA: I'm coming with you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Before you decide, you need to know there was a sting in Kwundaar's tail. He sent out a signal, marked me.
NYSSA: Marked you?
DOCTOR: I destroyed Kwundaar, but there are others of his kind. Primeval beings. He rang the dinner gong, summoned them back into our universe, and now they know where to find me.
NYSSA: Find *us*. Come on. It sounds like we've got work to do.